

LIFE



VEN BO

LAZY FISHING

JUNE 23, 1941

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Stop "Fuddling" with Dirt



The clue to the color-freshness that always marks a Hoover-cleaned room is this: Hoover removes not only surface dust, but the accumulated hidden dirt that dulls fabric tones from underneath. This method is called Hoover Color-Cleaning.

Get the Hoover you've always wanted... for only

\$48⁵⁰

AND YOUR OLD CLEANER

Right now—today—is the time to make sure that your cleaning problems are handled for the years ahead. You know the Hoover. You believe in the Hoover. You can afford a Hoover Cleaner, particularly at this new low price. Don't wait—to wish later that you had acted now. Consider that Hoover, *and only Hoover*, offers all these ten cleaner-essentials:

The Hoover gets more dirt—Exclusive cleaning principle (Air-Cushioned Vibration) gets the embedded grit at the base of the rug; lint, dog hairs, moth larvae and germ-laden dirt injurious to children. "It beats—as it sweeps—as it cleans." **The Hoover saves more time**—Hoover cleaning is the fastest cleaning in the world because it gets more dirt per minute and cuts down your cleaning time. **The Hoover is easier to use**—You don't "hoe" and scrape with a Hoover. It's perfectly balanced and glides with easy "finger-tip" control. **The Hoover keeps colors fresh**—Revives hidden colors because it removes hidden dirt. Fluffs and beautifies nap. **The Hoover saves rugs**—Because it gets the sharp, nap-cutting grit. Leading rug manufacturers recommend the Hoover for rug preservation. **The Hoover is first choice among women**—One-third of all cleaners in use are Hoovers. Nearly 6,000,000 have already been bought. It gives pride of ownership without penalty of cost. **The Hoover is never an "orphan"**—It is backed by the greatest name in electric cleaners and a leading merchant in your city. Dependable service always available. **The Hoover will give you good service longer**—Built to highest engineering specifications in the industry. It will stay young for years. **The Hoover has more features you want than any other cleaner**—Such as Air-Cushioned Vibration; no adjustment to rugs necessary; electric dirt finder; convenient handle grip; Henry Dreyfuss design. **The Hoover offers complete home cleaning**—Especially designed, easy-to-use cleaning tools, at slight extra cost.

Easy to buy—no shopping for your Hoover. The representative of your leading local store will bring it for you to try your own way—without obligation. Phone your Hoover dealer. THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, O.

You can own this Hoover for as little as \$1.00 a week, payable monthly (with small carrying charge).



Model 305

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

For only a limited time, Hoover dealers are offering this complete home-cleaning equipment—cleaner *plus* these special Cleaning Tools in handy kit, at reduced price of \$59.50 and your old cleaner.



THE GREAT NEW
HOOVER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT! (but I didn't fit the dream)



Saturday

JTS

Helen, my pet -

What a houseparty! Wait until I tell you what's happened. That Dream Guy I'm always talking about has come to life! Actually! He just popped up suddenly out of thin air. And of all places - on a Pullman!

I had just got settled for the trip, when I happened to glance up. And there he was - two chairs away - the most bes-u-ti-ful, gorgeous, deep-bronzed male a gal ever yenned for... looking right into my eyes with a sort of I-haven't-eaten-in-three-days look.

His name's Cary Forrester. And he lives up near here. He's the Dream Guy, all right... with spangles! I can't remember very much of anything that we talked about... except that when he said he was going to be on this houseparty, too, I thought, "Fate, you've got a finger in this... and who am I to fight YOU!"

Got to rush now and get beautiful for a dance tonight. Wish me luck, Hell

Joan

Monday

JTS

Dear Helen -

I guess maybe I shouldn't have written to you about Cary. Something's happened - he's changed completely.

It happened so suddenly, too. The other night, at the dance, he was wonderful! I don't think he danced with another girl all evening. And once, when Dick Haley cut in, Cary looked as though he wanted to haul poor Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap because we were skipping out for a drive. We'd hardly started before he wanted to stop and kiss me. So he did. And then, just as suddenly as that, everything changed. He let go of me and just sat there, staring ahead down the road. Pretty soon he said something about it was getting late and we'd better get back.

You can't imagine how different he was. He acted as if I wasn't even there. And he's hardly noticed me since. What could the matter be, Hel? Is it because I let him kiss me? What could it be?

Joan

JTS

Wednesday

Helen -

What did you mean by that note - "See page one of this week's Post"? That's a Listerine advertisement about bad breath. Surely, you're not trying to tell me that mine's that way?

Or are you?

I just can't believe that about me... but then I can't see what else you could possibly have meant.

I hope it's not what you really were hinting at. But, if it is, it's certainly going to be the last time anybody'll ever be able to say a thing like that about me.

Joan

JTS

Friday

Hel, darling -

It's all right! Everything's wonderful, marvelous, gorgeous again! Cary's just the way he was that first day on the train - only even sweeter and kinder and nicer. Gosh what a guy he is!

I nearly die when I think how close I came to losing him. You were right - about that note, I mean. I'm sorry if I was stuffy about it. I couldn't be more grateful now to anybody for anything. Because it was your hint that I use Listerine that made everything all right again between Cary and me.

We're coming home tomorrow. I mean Cary's driving me home tomorrow. He wants to meet you, of course. He says he hopes you won't mind too much having to find a new roommate in the Spring.

Joan

ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

You yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath). That's the insidious thing about it - you may be offending at this very minute without even realizing it. And, while sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes.

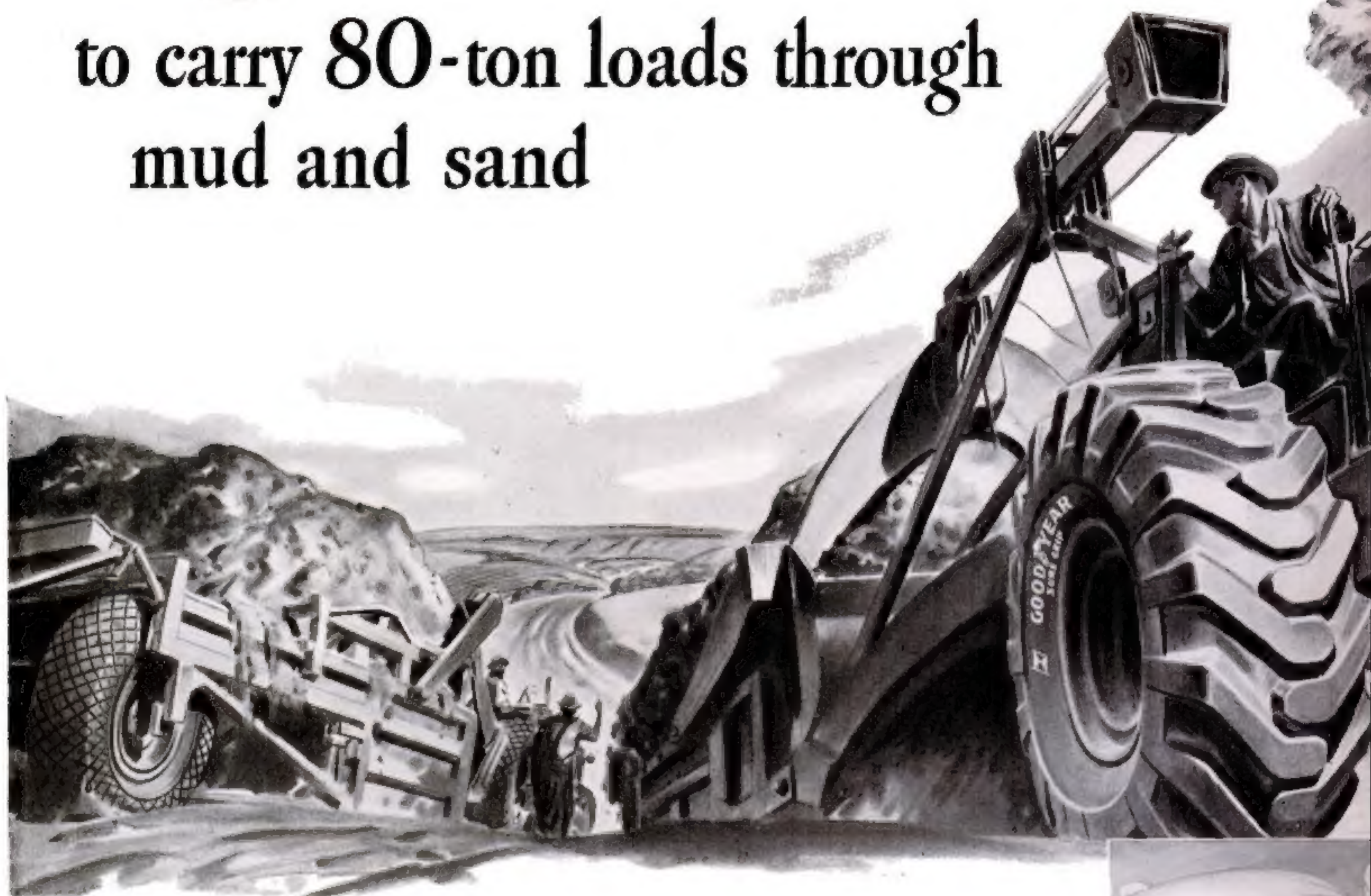
So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has become a daily "must" with so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morning and night, and before business and social engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)

We build these *Gargantuan Tires*

to carry 80-ton loads through
mud and sand



... and twenty million motorists profit from them!

OUT where the pavement ends and the detours begin you can see these mammoth tires at work.

They're called off-the-road tires and they are truly gargantuan in size — some running up to seven feet in diameter and weighing close to a ton each.

But even more amazing than the size of these giant Goodyear tires, is the weight of the loads they carry—and where they carry them.

On great road-building jobs like the Pennsylvania Turnpike — modern high-speed highways that beeline across fields and swamps, through forests and mountains — you'll find these tires pulling huge tractor-scraper "trains" weighing from 50 to 80 tons when fully loaded!

In the forests of Oregon and Washington you'll find them carrying great logs down rough mountain trails — bringing out valuable lumber too remote from any stream to be floated to mill.





And in strip mines and on public works projects you'll see them speeding big 60-ton trucks over rocks, across filled ground and mud as easily as your car rides the boulevard.

How can these tires carry such tremendous loads off-the-road, on ground where even a light passenger car might bog down?

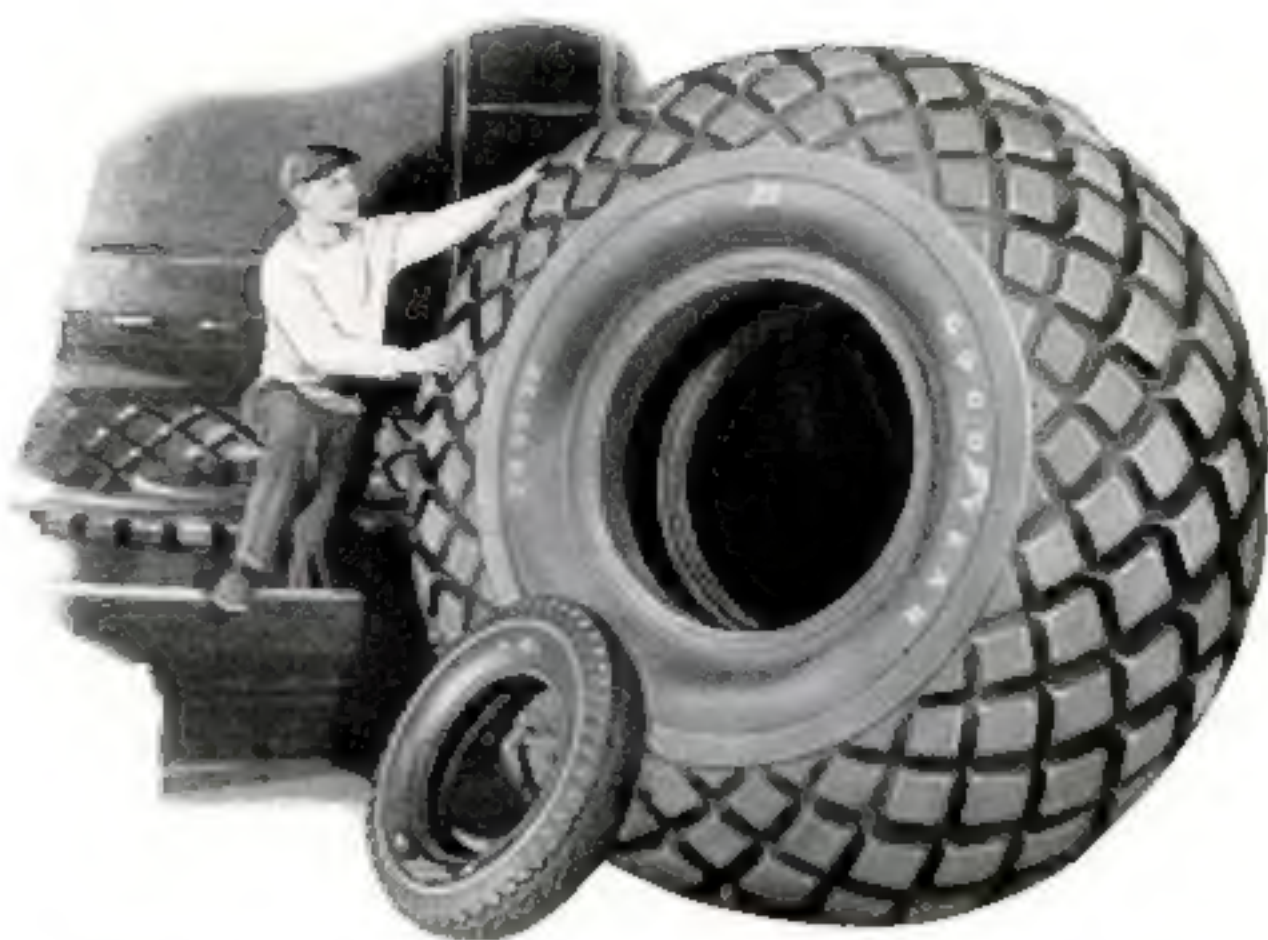
The answer is — *flotation!* With treads up to two feet wide and low-pressure inflation, these tires are too big and too soft to sink down far. They ride the surface as a snowshoe skims the snow.

Such tires are not built simply by stepping up conventional designs in diameter and cross-section. They involve different engineering; call for carcasses strong enough to flex under enormous loads without cracking.

To build these carcasses Goodyear spent years in developing tougher new strains of cotton on its great Arizona plantation — perfected new methods of twisting sturdier, wirier cord in our southern cotton mills.

So as a result, our latest off-the-road tires are sinewed with a cord having 10% to 12% greater tensile strength than any we have ever produced before — with a

To check skids in any direction, Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tires give you 19 feet of grip in every foot of tread.



Comparative size of standard 6.00-16 "G-3" All-Weather and largest 24.00-32 off-the-road tire — latter is seven feet in overall diameter and weighs 1,700 pounds.

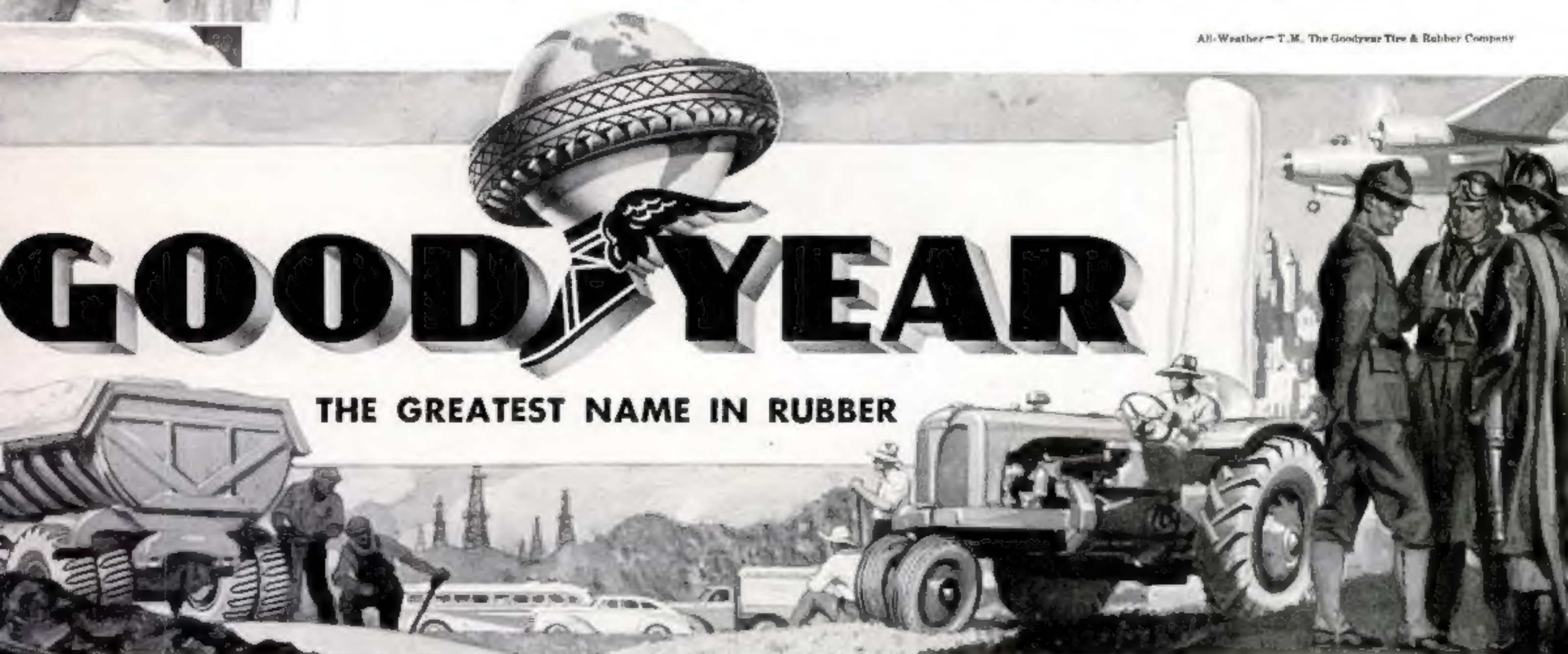
corresponding increase in tire toughness and endurance.

How does Goodyear's development of these giant earth-mover tires benefit you whose car weighs a mere three-to-four thousand pounds?

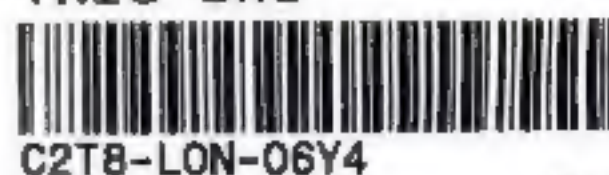
Simply this way — by adopting this same new type of sturdier cord to passenger car tires, we give you a far tougher, hardier tire. That is one of the reasons why our new 1941 first-line "G-3" All-Weather averages thousands of miles longer wear than even previous models — yet costs you less per mile than ever before.

It is this constant research to improve all products bearing the Goodyear name — this unceasing effort to apply new developments in specialized fields to the greater good of all tire users — that makes, and keeps, Goodyear "the greatest name in rubber."

All-Weather — T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



This One



C2T8-LON-06Y4

You may worry about the back-seat driver



but here is one worry you can avoid

A fellow has to take life's worries as they come. That's why Peace of Mind is such a wonderful thing—the consolation you enjoy, for example, when you think of your insurance protection.

Or, as another example, when you let your Texaco Dealer Marfak your car, your mind's at peace about chassis lubrication. You *know* it's been checked from bumper to bumper. You *know* it's really protected. For Marfak is Texaco's famous 40-

Point Chassis Lubrication Service.

Trained in Texaco's special lubrication school, he can't miss a trick because he works systematically by CHART—never by chance.

And at every vital friction point, he uses Marfak—the super-tough lubricant from which the entire service takes its name.

Look for the red and white sign—"Let Us Marfak Your Car"—at Texaco and other good dealers.



TEXACO'S 40-POINT CHASSIS LUBRICATION SERVICE
AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN—Texaco Dealers invite you to enjoy Fred Allen in the full-hour program of the **TEXACO STAR THEATRE**...with Kenny Baker, Al Goodman's Orchestra and a great cast. Every Wed. Night, Columbia Network. 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 9:00 M.S.T., 8:00 P.S.T.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"Belgium Is Hungry"

Sirs:

Hearty congratulations upon the splendid article "Belgium Is Hungry" by John Cudahy (*LIFE*, June 2).

I was overseas in the last war, attached to the 33rd American Division, and the one really happy recollection that I have is the gratitude which was expressed to me on every hand by the people of occupied Belgium and Luxembourg for the relief which had been given by the Hoover Committee.

J. H. GIPSON

Caldwell, Idaho

Sirs:

Has it come to this that the people of Belgium—and of France, too, apparently—are going to regard Hitler as more generous than Uncle Sam? Let all America go on the starvation rations of Belgium for just one week, and I believe that the people would rise up and demand that Herbert Hoover be given the green light and scores of grain ships to ferry our surplus grain to Brussels.

E. H. MEINZEN

St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Sympathy with starving babies is weakness to a Nazi, and Nazis are experts at driving through their opponents' weak points. These are brutal facts. The heart rebels against them but the mind must accept them, and the mind must guide the heart to the destruction of the cause of starving babies in Belgium.

CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Starvation is one of the evils of war and it is one of the best weapons the Allies have. What England needs now is a general rebellion of the starving conquered countries. Nothing would make the Nazi snakes hunt their holes quicker than a hunger rebellion.

BEN EVANS

Forest Grove, Ore.

Sirs:

... It is stupid to believe that starving people can rise, if they wished to with their whole souls, against the conquerors. They will be a people too weak, too degenerate ever to fight for their freedom again. Mr. Hoover is right; his plan is sane and sound and every American knows it in his heart.

HELEN G. WALTON

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Has it ever occurred to you that the Belgians surrendered, and that their captors were the people to feed them, and that if you send food supplies to Belgium you are merely feeding the German population, who are enemies of what we call democracy.

Personally I don't give a damn if the entire population of Europe starves to death. That will be too good for them.

CHARLES F. MOORE

Ottawa, Canada

Sirs:

If America's much-talked of destiny is to be in any way complete, we must be ready and willing to apply to the world the words of Abraham Lincoln: "... to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace..."

Some tell us that we must kill for the future of mankind. Here is a chance to save lives for the future of mankind.

BOB VALLIER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Liberty in France

Sirs:

Apropos *LIFE*'s visit to the Statue of Liberty (*LIFE*, June 2), this replica (see *cul.*, p. 6) of our Statue of Liberty stands in the Jardin du Luxembourg in

(continued on p. 6)



Sensational New PHILCO-YORK Single-Unit AIR CONDITIONER

The cool, refreshing comfort of real air conditioning is now yours at amazingly low cost! A Philco-York Single-Unit Air Conditioner is easily, quickly installed in your home or office. Model 76A (Illustrated) gives you this complete service:

- COOLS—Dehumidifies—Conditions Room Air.
- Filters Dust, Dirt and Pollen Out of the Air.
- Draws in Fresh Outside Air—Circulates It.
- Shuts out Street Noises.
- Removes Stale, Stuffy Inside Air.
- Gives Pure Air All Year 'Round.
- Easily, Quickly Installed. No Plumbing... No Wiring.

THERE'S A PHILCO-YORK AIR CONDITIONER FOR EVERY SIZE ROOM, PRICED AS LOW AS **\$129⁵⁰**

MAIL COUPON NOW

Philco Radio & Television Corporation, Dept. 597
Tioga and C Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the beautiful illustrated Booklet on the Philco-York Air Conditioners together with details of your EASY PAYMENT OFFER.

NAME _____

STREET _____ COUNTY _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

GENERAL
MOTORS'
No. 1 CAR

CHEVROLET

THE
NATION
No. 1 CAR



DRIVE THE LEADER ... AND SAVE MONEY

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS "QUALITY QUIZ" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO. 2 CAR	NO. 3 CAR
90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT NO EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET
HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

Want to see a couple "eating their cake and having it too"? Take a look at the folk who pilot this nifty, thrifty Chevrolet for '41!

They own the *top* car of the industry, and they're *saving money* by giving themselves that satisfaction.

They drive the leader ... the car with the swank, swift-lined Body by Fisher and many other features of higher-priced cars ... and they're *saving money* by doing it!

They drive the leader ... the car that out-sprints, out-climbs, out-

rides all others in the biggest-selling low-price group ... and they're *saving money* by doing it!

They drive the leader ... the car that holds first place in the demand of the American people for the tenth year out of the last eleven ... and they're *saving money* by doing it!

It's fun to "drive the leader and save money" in the bargain! ... And it's a wise, business-like, prideful experience, as well. ... Why not make a date with your Chevrolet dealer and give yourself that pleasure—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WHY PAY MORE? WHY ACCEPT LESS?



DORYPHORUS
(Famous Greek statue)

MODERN MAN
Streamlined by Coopers

Modeled TO THE MALE FIGURE Jockey Underwear is cool as a fig leaf

Keep cooler this summer in the underwear that does things for you! The knit fabric lets your skin breathe, and absorbs and evaporates perspiration. The patented Y-front construction gives you mild support. The buttonless, angled opening positively will not gap. This modern, two-piece underwear is easy to launder and needs no ironing. No bulk, no bind, no chafing—just "second skin" fit with "birthday suit" ease and freedom. For a cool summer, let your dealer hip-tape fit you to a supply of Jockey. You will find it the most comfortable underwear you have ever worn. Varied leg lengths. Contoured shirts to match. Junior sizes (down to 4 years).

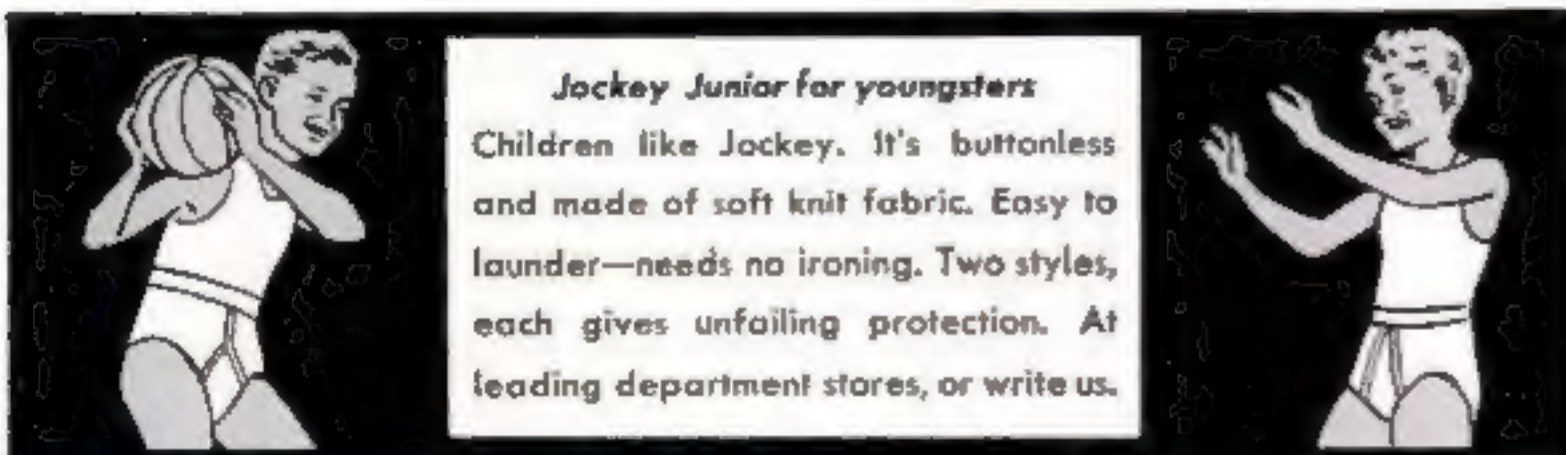
"Quality Corner" Better stores show varied fabrics for your selection. Mercerized cotton, Rayon, Mercerized cotton and linen, new "Coopreme" fabric.

Look for the name **Jockey** on the label!

That you may be sure of getting Jockey, the famous brand of support underwear originated and manufactured by Coopers, the name Jockey appears on the label of every garment and dealers are identified by the Jockey boy in windows and on counters. Be sure to look for these two assurances of satisfaction whenever you buy undergarments. Merchants' names on request.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Needles, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Jockey Junior for youngsters
Children like Jockey. It's buttonless and made of soft knit fabric. Easy to launder—needs no ironing. Two styles, each gives unflinching protection. At leading department stores, or write us.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Paris. Few Americans, even those who once lived in Paris, know that our own symbol of liberty is not the only one in existence. There are at least two others of which this twice life-size statue is one. I took this picture about a week before the German occupation of the city



PARIS STATUE OF LIBERTY

In 1940. At that time it struck me that here was one of the paradoxes of the war: the incongruity of our "Liberty" standing there in the capital of a country about to lose its own liberty.

CAROLINE D. REVIE
West Point, N. Y.

Sharpshooter Sharpe

Sirs:
I quote from a caption with the picture of "Two-Gun" Sharpe (LIFE, June 2): "The chances are that two of the oldtimers would have slumped to the barroom floor before they had drawn their pistols." The only reason that would cause them to slump to any floor



SHARPE'S LINE OF FIRE

from shooting like this would be laughter. They would have been safer if they remained standing as shown by my diagram. The line of fire of the revolver as held by Mr. Sharpe in the picture would hit an opponent below the knees at 10 ft. and miss him totally at 15 ft.

EARL R. WELLIVER
Astoria, Ore.

Sirs:
I wonder if, less than a century from now, LIFE's editors will be linking G. Edgar Hoover's name with that of Pretty Boy Floyd as "a pair of early 20th Century gangsters?"

To do so would be no worse than to mention the names of Wyatt Earp and Wild Bill Hickok in the same breath with that of Billy the Kid as "three historic badmen." Earp and Hickok were gun fighters not gunmen.

JAMES BOND
Ontario, Calif.

● Correct: Both were U. S. marshals. —ED.

Sunday School

Sirs:
Many letters arriving here from all over the country seem to indicate that people have caught the purpose of your story of our Sunday School (LIFE, June 2). An example from a Mr. Hood of Providence, R. I.,

"I sincerely believe if Europeans had a Sunday School or two like the one at the First Presbyterian Church, Lan-

Sunbeam AUTOMATIC COFFEEMASTER

*Set it!
Forget it!*
The coffeemaker you
don't have to watch—
Perfect coffee
Automatically



All you do is put in the coffee and water—SET THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH—and that's all.



Go on about your other duties—dress the children—read the paper—do anything. In a few minutes—click!—Coffeemaker shuts itself off... then re-sets itself to keep the coffee hot.



Simply remove the brew-top and pour delicious, sparkling, full-bodied coffee from the loveliest of servers—the same perfect brew every time because it's automatic.

Coffee is ALWAYS perfect this new easy way because Coffeemaker is ALL AUTOMATIC. No watching. No guesswork. You simply put in the coffee and water, set the switch and forget it. Coffeemaker automatically shuts itself off when the coffee is done, and then re-sets itself to keep the coffee piping hot. Whether you make one cup or eight, the water is always at the correct high heat, and the brewing time is always uniform.



No bowl-breakage either—it's all gem-like chrome plate. Remove the brew-top and you have the loveliest of servers for every occasion. Coffeemaker alone, \$16. Or with matched tray, sugar and creamer set, \$23.50. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.

BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS SUNBEAM MIXMASTER
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., Dept. 53, 5608 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.

(continued on p. 8)

"I fell in love with Frigidaire!"

"It's beautiful, **INSIDE AND OUT**...and I found Frigidaire had loads of features I couldn't get in any other refrigerator at any price!



"IT WAS FUN LOOKING—that nice Frigidaire salesman took a lot of time to show me how Frigidaire is the best buy in every way. I didn't realize until he told me, that Frigidaire is made by General Motors—the same people who make those grand motor cars, like Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet.

"YOU SHOULD SEE the exciting Cold-Wall models! Chilling coils within the walls keep food fresher longer, and preserve precious vitamins. *All* the models were so chock-full of exciting features that I got the feeling General Motors was just as proud of *creating* Frigidaire as I would be of *owning* one. For instance . . .



"FLIP A FINGER, AND ZING—there are your ice cubes. You don't need a crowbar to get Frigidaire's exclusive Quickube Tray out of the refrigerator, or the ice cubes out of the Tray. You get ice easily, instantly—*always!*



"SCORE ANOTHER FOR FRIGIDAIRE—a seamless all-porcelain interior makes Frigidaire more sanitary. Even the inside of the door is lifetime porcelain-on-steel! Cleaning's just a matter of seconds!



"YOU'LL SAVE PLENTY with Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser. Thanks to General Motors' superb engineering, it has 22% more freezing power than last year, yet uses less current. You've just *got* to see these new Frigidaires *today!*"

CAUTION: Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made **ONLY** by General Motors, world's largest builders of automobiles, motors and refrigerators.

BUY THE FAVORITE... **BUY FRIGIDAIRE!**

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS RANGES AND WATER HEATERS
Dayton, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

... MORE THAN 6 MILLION BUILT AND SOLD !

Strengthen your own "FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE"



YOUR EYES



MAKE AN APPOINTMENT NOW. To be sure your glasses are adequate for your present needs, have your eyes examined.



NEW COMFORT OUTDOORS. The good-looking new Soft-Lite Sport Shade*, ground to your prescription, is the ideal glass for wear under Summer's sun.

NO LETDOWN! That's America's watchword today. And it applies to you just as surely, whether you're a business man, a professional man or a soldier. All must work at top speed, full capacity. Don't let tired eyes slow you down. Have an eye examination now. You will gain greater comfort, greater efficiency, increased visual acuity when Soft-Lite Lenses are prescribed. These scientific lenses, ground to your prescription, neutralize excess light, thus assuring more restful vision. And, being slightly flesh-toned, they are pleasingly inconspicuous, better looking.

*Announcing the new Sport Shade Soft-Lite Lenses for outdoor wear. Like all Soft-Lite Lenses, they are made by Bausch & Lomb solely for the Soft-Lite Lens Company and are available exclusively from Soft-Lite Licensees—a carefully selected group of skilled refractionists and dispensing opticians, right in your own community.

There is only one genuine Soft-Lite—identified by this Protection Certificate.



Soft-Lite Lenses

SOFT-LITE LENS CO., SQUIBB BUILDING, NEW YORK

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

caster, Pa., they would not be having wars."

I know you will be pleased with this as are we.

HENRY B. STROCK

First Presbyterian Church,
Lancaster, Pa.

Sirs:

Let me congratulate you on your Sunday School article. Articles of this nature are greatly needed.

Just a mild protest, however, on the cover picture. We have the Ark, three camels, two oxen, two sheep, two bears. May I suggest that the teacher of this historical record of Noah and the Ark read Genesis 7: 11, "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of the beasts that are not clean by two." Leviticus 11: 14 tells us camels are unclean, so only two should be pictured; however, 14 oxen and 14 sheep should be shown—"by sevens, the male and his female."

C. F. LUEDER

Ithaca, N. Y.

Sirs:

How come there are three camels with Noah's Ark on the June 2 cover? Didn't the animals go in two by two? We went to Sunday School too, over 50 years ago.

FRED STREEVER

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

● In Chapter 6: XIX-XX, the Book of Genesis commanded Noah to take aboard "two of every sort . . . they shall be male and female." Chapter 7: II-IX merely amplified the command to seven pairs each for the clean beasts. Chapter 8: XIX, describing the departure from the Ark, mentions no numbers. LIFE's beasts are debarking.—ED.

Blanket Party II

Sirs:

The Kansas Blanket Party pictures (LIFE, May 26) certainly played havoc with the Emporia boys of Company B, 137th Infantry, at Camp Robinson, Ark. They all but swooned to recognize



SERGEANT'S OLD GIRL



SERGEANT'S NEW GIRL

their own girls on blankets with college boys, and looked for revenge.

The result was Blanket Party II. Trekking seven miles to Little Rock on a Saturday afternoon, the soldiers dated the belles of the town and invited them to a blanket party. I caught the enclosed picture (see lower cut) of one of the ganders getting his sauce—Sergeant Darrell Satterfield with Margaret Snapp. Sergeant Satterfield's Emporia girl Clarinelle Riddle, appears with a Kansas



The "suitcase shuffle"—starts men running to the rescue, but starts many a stocking run, too! For those hosiery-budget blues, try Cannon stockings. They're extra lovely and they really last!

Cannon's air-pressure machine inspects every pair for tiny weaknesses—common cause of "mystery" runs. Only perfect stockings come from Cannon—full-fashioned, flawless, triple-inspected.

Cannon Hosiery

P.S. Cannon Silk Hosiery, in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to \$1.00. Cannon Nylon Hosiery, \$1.35 and up. By the makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets.

CANNON

NOW IN CONVENIENT HOME PACKAGE



6 2-GLASS BOTTLES 25¢
plus deposit

Blossoms in the Water



You'll feel like a mermaid in "1001" the new "SR" Swim Cap of soft, crinkly rubber. Three colorful rubber blossoms add a decorative influence. Because it's cleverly constructed, "1001" will stay right on your head, even though it isn't a strap. "Aqua Seal" inner tubes keep your curls as dry as though you never left the beach. White with colorful flowers.

"SR" bathing caps can be purchased at leading department stores. They are now available by the "SR" seal stamped inside the cap. **\$1.00**

THE SEAMLESS RUBBER COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SPRAYS ON—So quick—so easy to apply
STAYS ON—Make this test! Spray Sno-Mist on your hand—Rub lightly. See how it turns to a clinging, cream-like film of long-lasting protection—to keep you fresh
SOOTHING—A delight to use any time. Its antiseptic properties are an extra safeguard. Retards perspiration. Harmless to clothing. Economical.

New! 25c size at 5 and 10c stores. Long-lasting regular size, 59c at drug and department stores.



The Phillips & Carey Company, Waterbury, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

State Teachers College boy in LIFE's picture
MERRILL PANITT
Camp Robinson, Ark.

23 Days at Sea
Sirs:
A letter of thanks for your story "23 Days at Sea" (LIFE, May 19). My

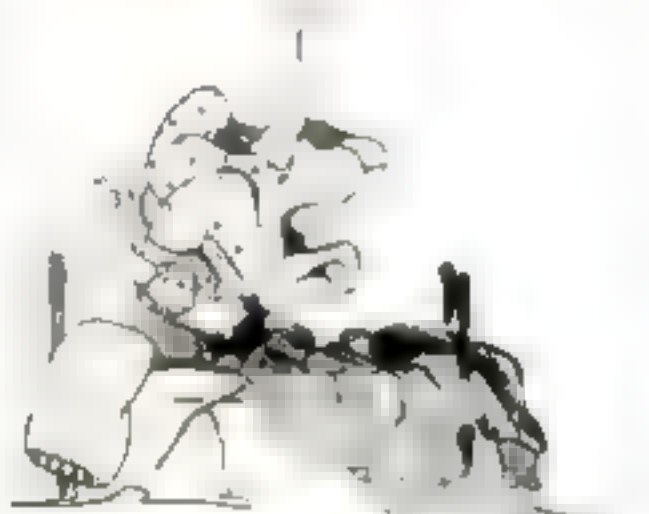


"BRITANNIA" SURVIVOR
brother is one of the survivors of the sunken *Britannia*—see cut.
I was grateful indeed for I had heard only that morning that he was one of the ones picked up and wondered how he was looking after such a ghastly ordeal. I was glad to see him looking so fit. I have sent a copy to my family in England and know they will be greatly pleased.
MRS. E. M. KELSO
Halifax, N. S.

Sleep Exercises
Sirs:
Thinking your sleep exercises (LIFE, June 2) might prove helpful, I put the



FIRST: LEG PULLING



THEN THE "HEADSTAND"



NEXT: "COMPLETE COLLAPSE"



FADE-OUT
dog out and began—with the results shown in these sketches.
Maybe there is some other way to get a little sleep?
MARION N. HARRISS
Los Angeles, Calif.



"Honeymoon Special"

See This Exciting
General Electric Gift Combination
Every Bride Will Treasure!

THE 3 MOST HOPED-FOR ELECTRICAL GIFTS FITTED IN THIS EXCLUSIVE

Wheary Trousseau Case
Complete for **\$29.95**

G-E Automatic Glass Coffee Maker—sells separately for \$12.95

G-E Automatic Speed-Iron with the light that says when to stop—sells separately for \$8.95

G-E Expan-Dor Toaster—sells separately for \$4.95



Custom-Built By Wheary!
The prettiest bride will be proud to own this smart Wheary Trousseau Case. Rich brown Du Pont Fabrikoid. Saddle leather binding. Air plane weight. A superb gift!



Makes the Perfect Group Gift!
For any "club-to-gether" bridal or shower gift, the "Honeymoon Special" is the perfect answer. Impressive, practical—she'll treasure it always.

GET her this treasure chest she'll cherish always—for never were usefulness and glamor more happily wedded in one superb bridal gift!

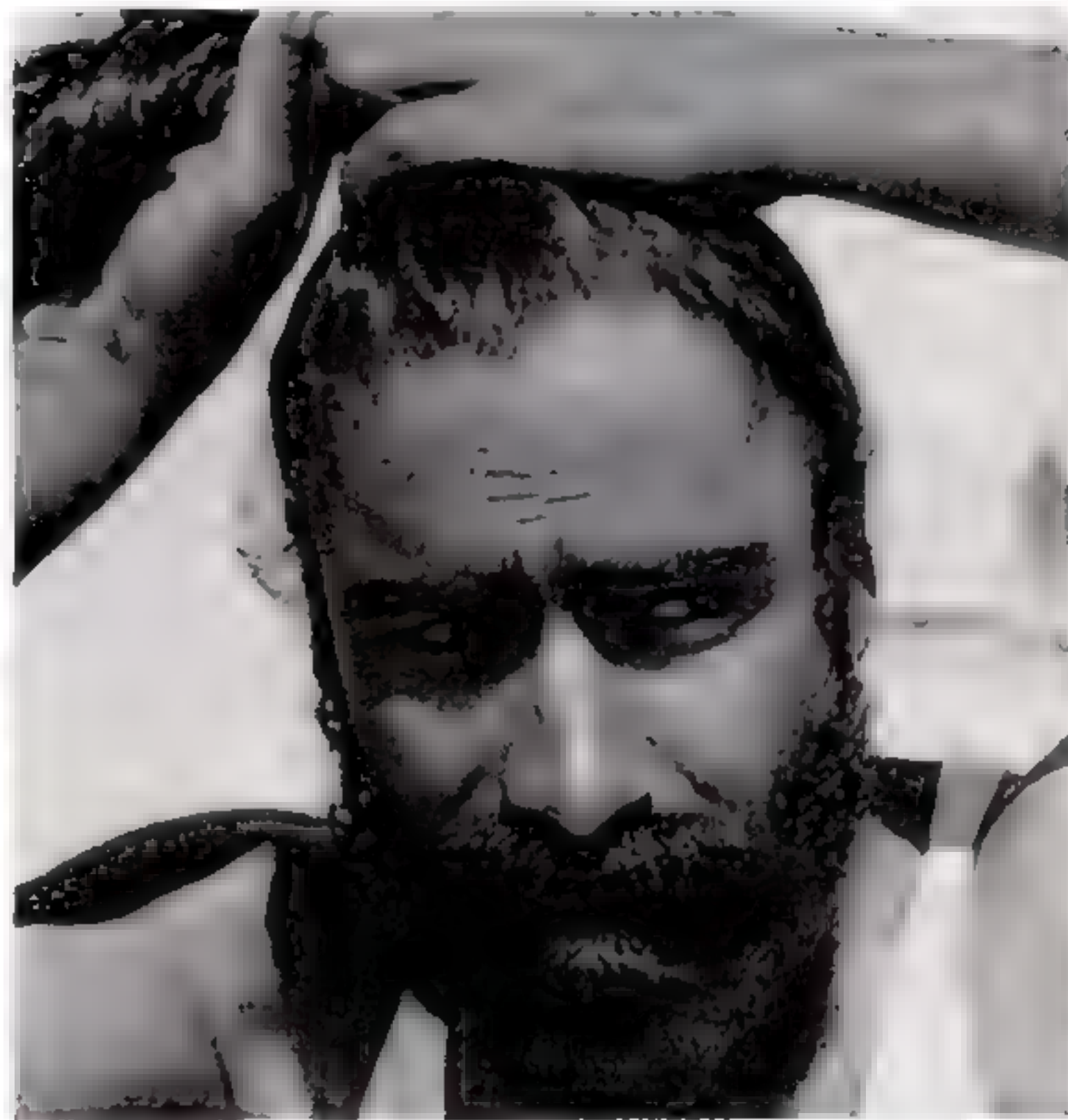
With this G-E Automatic Coffee Maker, her every cup of coffee right from the very first will be perfection—for him, for guests. Golden-brown toast, deftly made at the table in her G-E Expan-Dor Toaster, will sing her praises, too. And for light-hearted ironing, she'll have America's favorite, the General Electric Automatic Speed-Iron with the fascinating "light that says when".

See this "Honeymoon Special" now at your General Electric dealer's. It's this season's gift sensation! You'll always be glad you started them off with General Electric!

GENERAL ELECTRIC



HE COMBS HIS LONG HAIR WITH WHISKER COME THAT SIGNIFIES PURITY OF MIND



HE TWISTS HIS HAIR INTO A STRAND. THIS SIKH'S HAIR IS OVER 2 FT. LONG

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

*. . . THIS IS HOW SIKHS CURL THEIR
BEARDS AND WIND THEIR TURBANS*

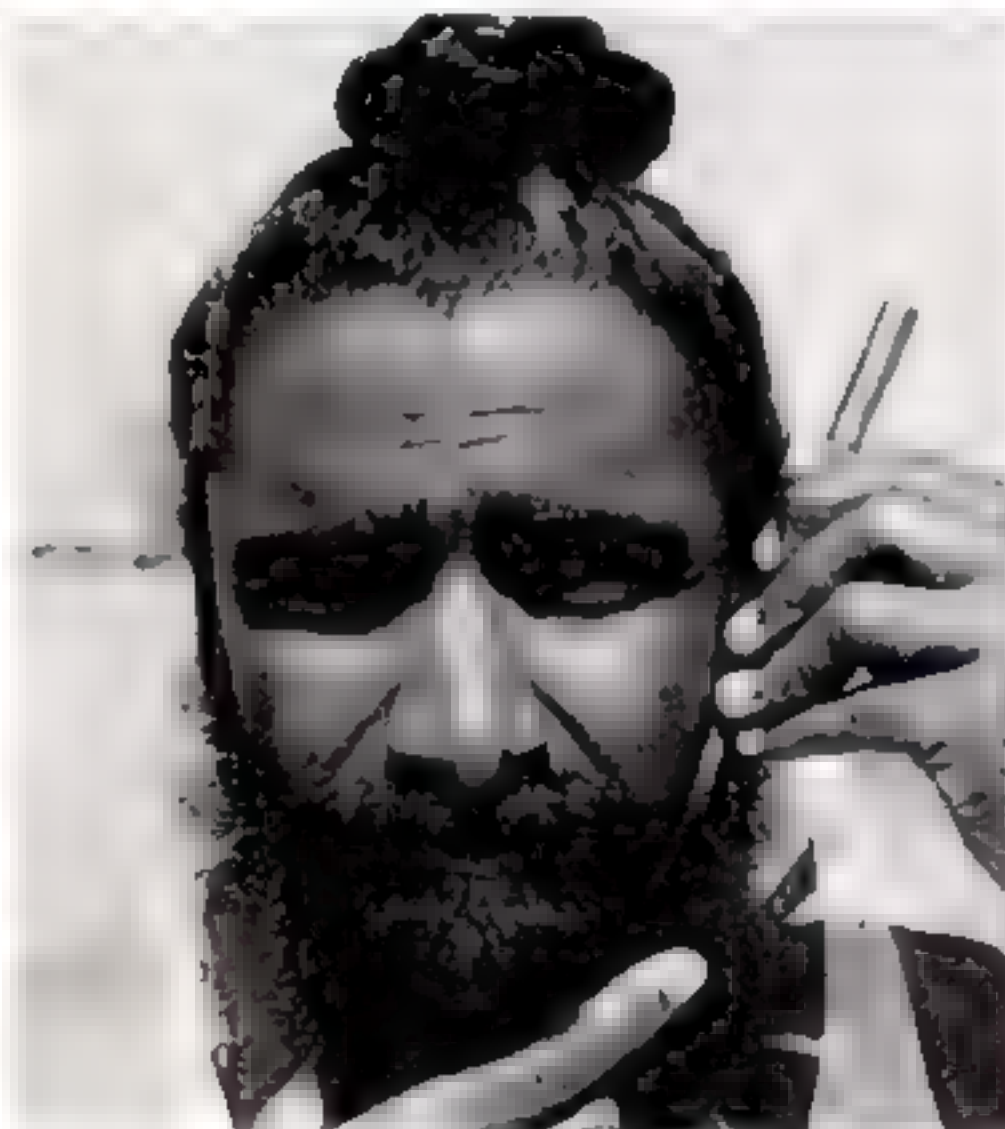
Probably no group of men takes greater pains with their hair than India's 4,500,000 Sikhs (pronounced *sirk* with an *h* on the end). In this series of pictures, taken by a LIFE photographer at a Sikh troops' encampment in Egypt, the mysteries of Sikh turbans and curled beards are unraveled.

Sikhs, a dissenting sect of Brahman Hindus, adopted the custom of wearing turbans and unshorn hair as a gesture of defiance when to be recognized as a Sikh meant death at the hands of the Mogul Emperors of India in the 17th Century. Like his ancestors, an orthodox Sikh today never shaves or cuts his hair. He rinses it in milk curd and rubs it with oils, which are often scented. If his beard is unruly he may curl the lower strands into a neat roll, like the soldier in the pictures below.

Wealthy Sikhs wear turbans of silk and fine imported muslin. Poorer members of the brotherhood wear rough cotton. Turbans are normally 6 to 12 yd. long and 45 in. wide and a cheap inner turban is often worn to protect the



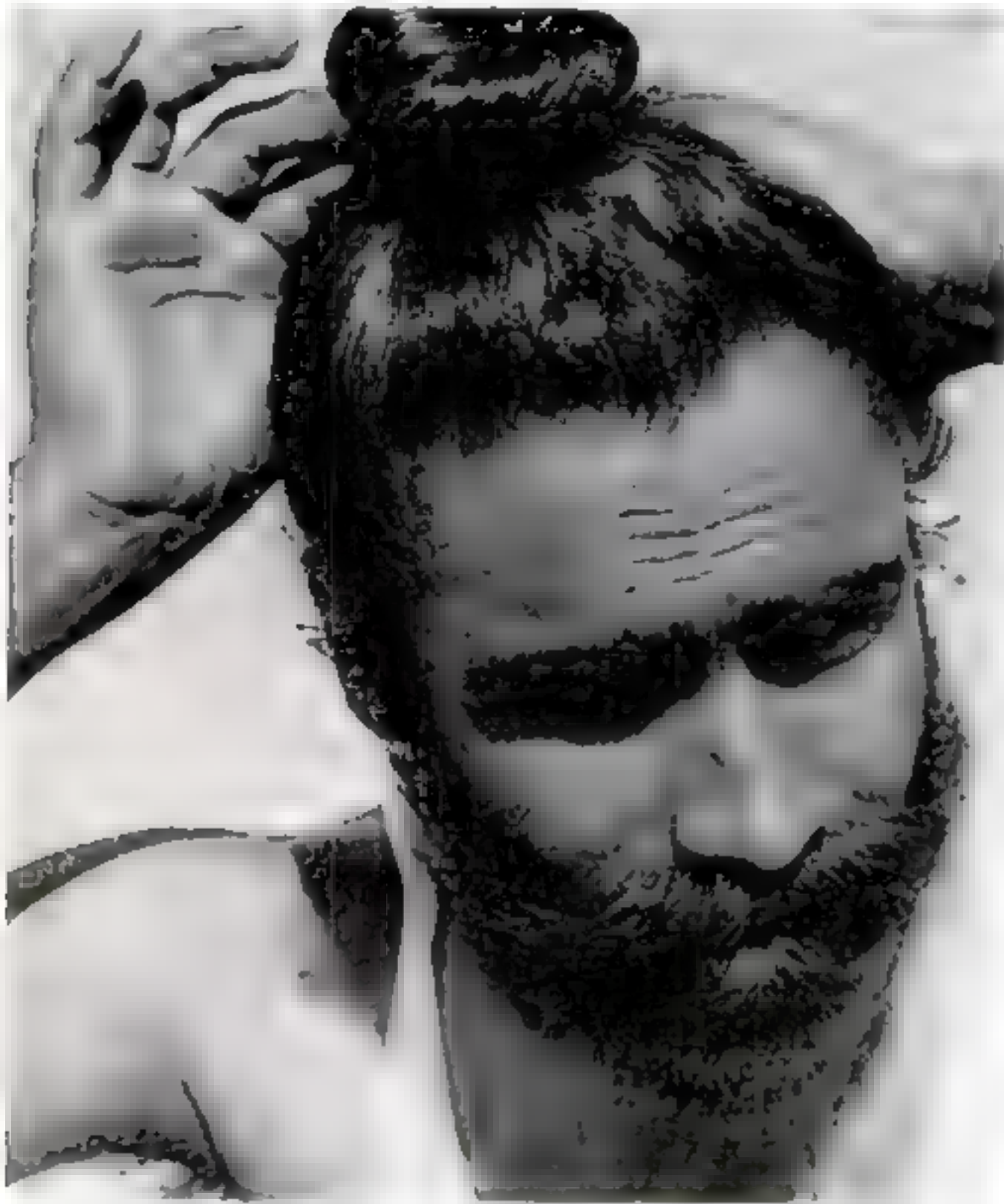
HE HOLDS HIS BEARD OUT IN HIS HAND AND COMBS IT



HAIR IS TUCKED AROUND STRING IN BEARD WITH STICK



THROUGH TUCKING, IT IS SHAPED INTO A ROLL



WITH HIS FINGERS HE TIES HIS HAIR INTO A KNOT ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD

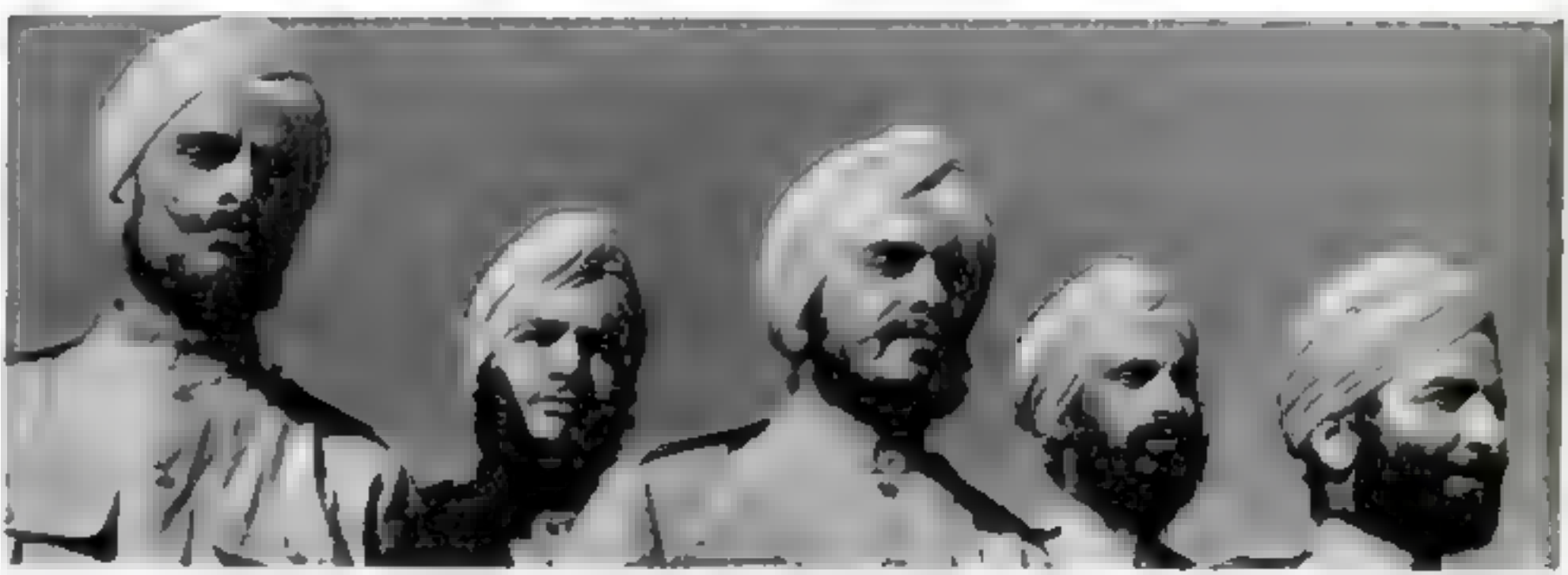


HE RUNS A PIECE OF STRING THROUGH HIS BEARD AND TIES IT ON TOP OF HIS HEAD

more expensive outer one from the oily scalp. Although colors are largely a matter of individual taste, a truly stylish Sikh will wear an inner turban that matches the color of his tie and an outer turban that harmonizes with his suit.

Turbans are wound, beards are rolled and hair is combed and knotted in a series of dexterous movements which follow no set pattern, but which demand long practice, nimble fingers and often solid teeth. The entire procedure from start to finish takes 15 minutes. Like their men, Sikh women never cut their hair.

Besides unshorn hair and turbans, orthodox Sikhs wear an iron bracelet (signifying obedience), carry a wooden comb (showing purity of mind) and an iron-handled knife (military spirit) and wear short drawers (self-restraint).



SIKH TROOPS CAN BE RECOGNIZED BY THEIR BEARDS AND TURBANS. TURBANS ARE WOUND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT



A TOWEL OR CLOTH IS THEN TIED AROUND THE BEARD



TOWEL HOLDS ROLLED-UP BEARD TIGHTLY IN PLACE



HE PUTS ON TURBAN, GRIPPING IT IN HIS TEETH



**We were smarter
when we got
our second**



1 "Something's got to be done!" fumes Mary. "This is the last night I'm having Junior awakened by that clatterbox refrigerator of ours. Tomorrow, I'm..." "Tomorrow," I bust in, "you and I are doing what we should have done long ago. We're finding out about the refrigerator they claim *can't* make a noise!"



2 "You see, a tiny gas flame does the work," explained the salesman who called. "Servel couldn't keep you awake, even if you slept *inside* it. There's not a single moving part in the whole freezing system. Nothing to make a sound. Nothing to wear, either. That's why it stays silent... lasts longer!"



3 Folks who've had experience with other makes of automatic refrigerators are quick to find that Servel Electrolux has all those big operating advantages they want most... has all the latest features and conveniences, too. Survey after survey shows that, among owners of other-type refrigerators, the trend is to the Gas Refrigerator for their *second* automatic.

4 "We've learned our lesson," smiles Mary the other day. "Junior hasn't missed a wink of sleep since we changed to Servel. And his Ma and Pa have done all right, too!" "You bet we were smarter," I agree. "Imagine putting up with any other kind of box! Especially when the Gas Refrigerator pays for itself with what it saves on running cost and in other ways!"

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference



We changed to a Servel Electrolux because we were tired of noise—also because we heard it cost very little to run. I can truthfully say that our gas refrigerator lives up to everything we expected of it.—Samuel G. Bell, 5248 LeMay Street, Detroit, Mich.



It freezes with
**NO MOVING
PARTS!**

Stays silent...lasts longer

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ELECTROLUX
Gas
REFRIGERATOR

FOR FARM AND COUNTRY HOMES—MODELS RUN ON BOTTLED GAS—TANK GAS—KEROSENE
Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



An inner turban of cotton is wound around his head. It will later be pushed out of sight under outer turban. Bangle on arm (left) is a religious charm signifying obedience.



Outer turban of finer colored cloth is then wound around his head in folds. He grips the bottom of the turban (right) with his teeth to keep it in place while winding.



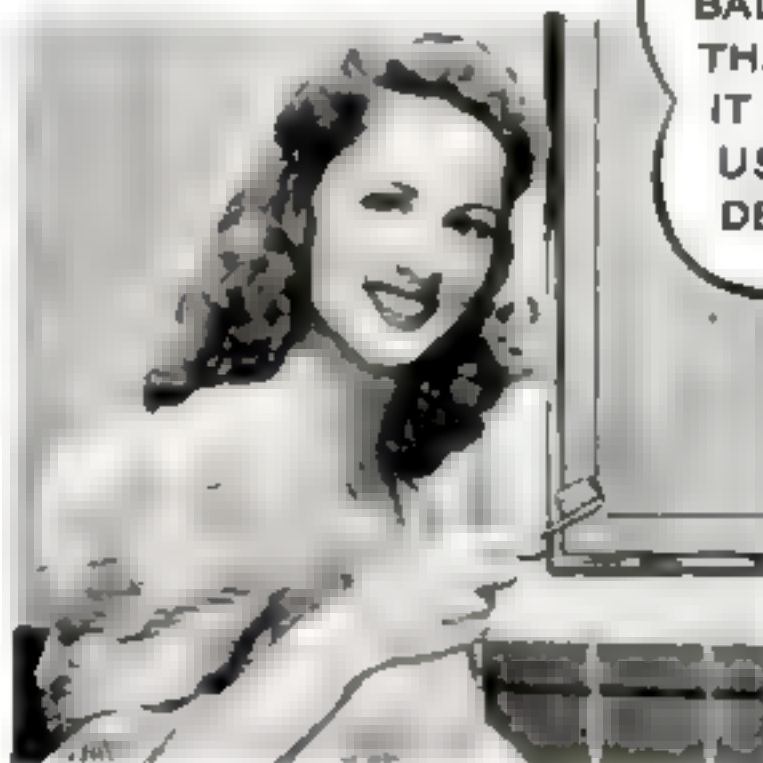
Finished job looks like this. The outer turban, neatly pleated, hides the inner turban, and towel covering well-rolled beard has been slipped out from under both turbans.

Is Love just a dream to You?

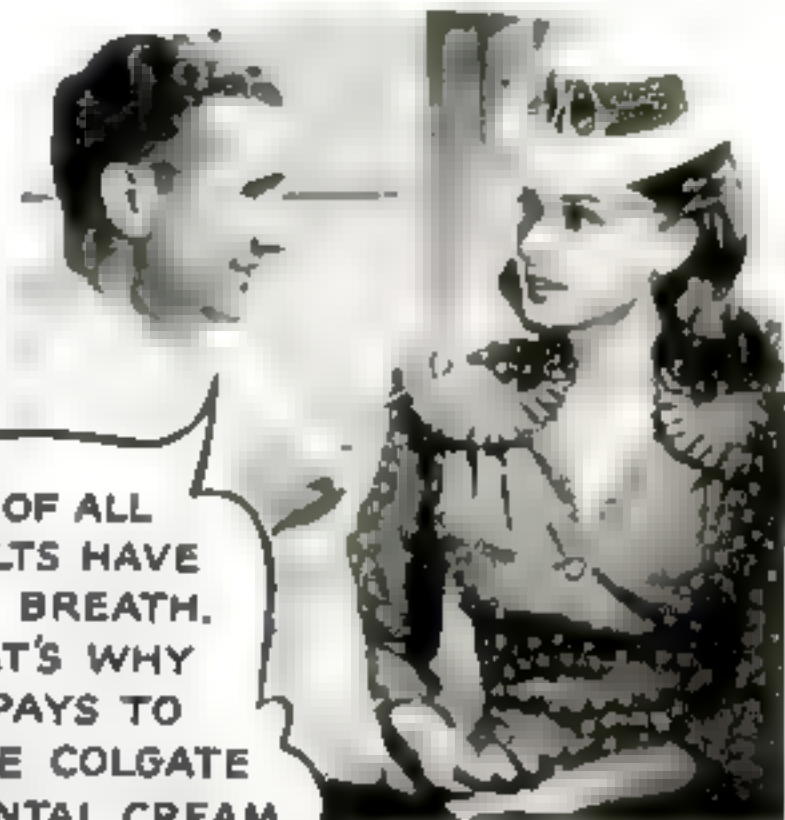


IF it is, then look to your breath! For bad breath is just too much for love to cope with! And if you think YOU haven't got it, then bear this fact in mind...

76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

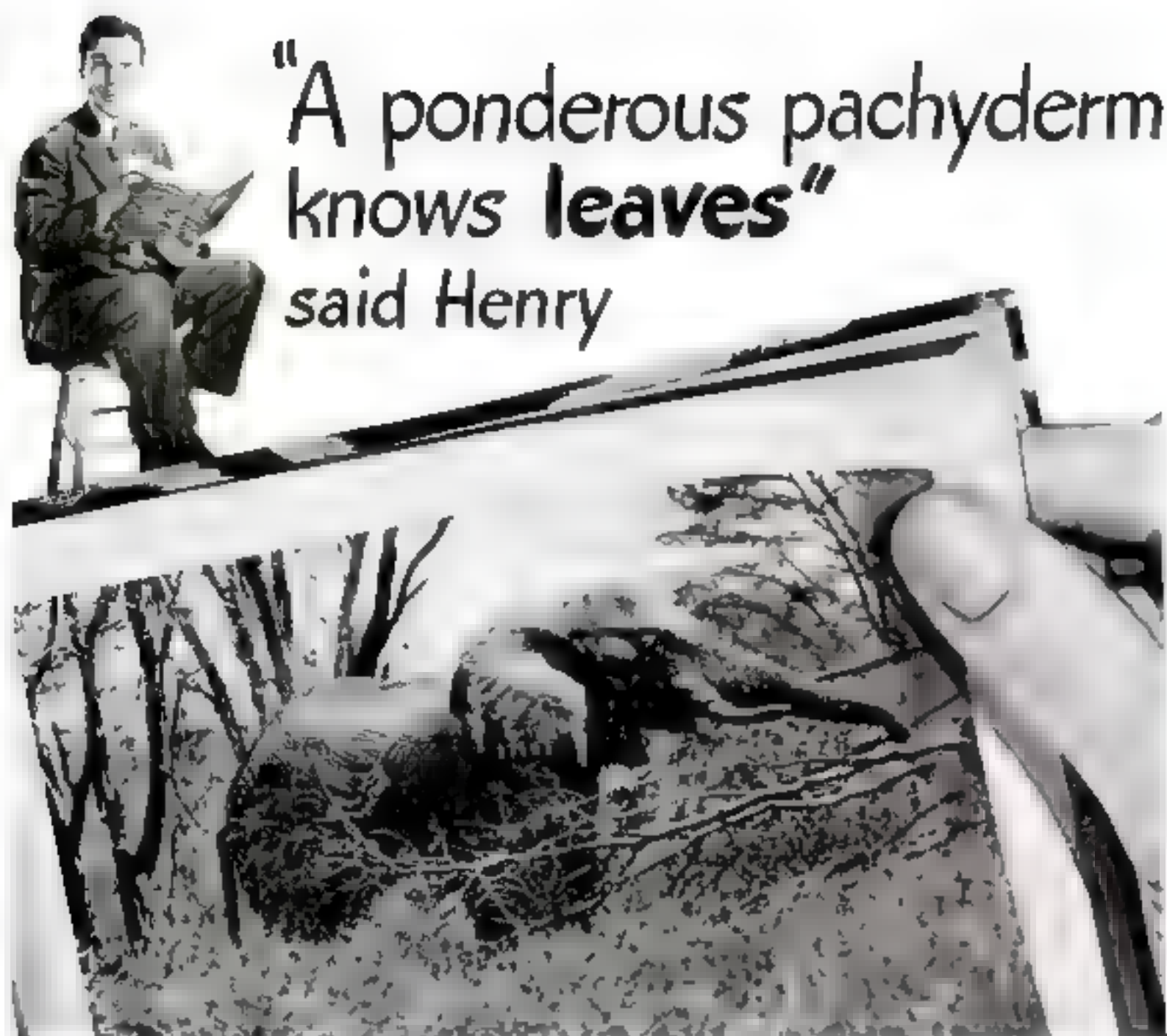


See how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor... its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between teeth...helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."





"A ponderous pachyderm knows leaves" said Henry

1 Henry was reading Osa Johnson's book, *I Married Adventure*. "Look," he said, "look at this picture of an elephant. Read what it says, 'Tearing down trees to get the tender top-branch leaves.' See, a ponderous pachyderm goes for the little, tender leaves—and he's a leaf expert."



2 I married adventure, too, when I got Henry. Who would have thought that he was continuing the subject which had started at dinner? "This tea!" Henry said at the dinner table, scowling at his cup. "You ought to use Tender Leaf Brand Tea."



3 I object to being told what I ought to do in my own kitchen. "You go sit on a flappole," I told my loving mate. "Why should I use Tender Leaf Tea?" "Because the little, TOP leaves of the tea plant make the best tea," said Henry. "I read all about it once."



Your grocer has Tender Leaf Brand Tea in two convenient sizes—and in the new FILTER tea balls. Enjoy the finer flavor and fragrance of the choice, young tea leaves—today!

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LIFE'S REPORTS

A MAN ON A MOUNTAIN

by JOHN CUDAHY

Few people had ever heard of Berchtesgaden until a few years ago. Now, there are few where language is printed or spoken who have not heard of this little old town in the Bavarian Alps. And the man on the mountain there. When I went to Berchtesgaden, spring was making its late debut. Dr. Saller, a Harvard graduate, the American press representative of the Foreign Office, had come with me from Berlin, and also Dr. Fröhlich, another Harvard man. We rode from the airfield to a spacious mountain hotel where, on a sun-lighted dining veranda, Herr Schmidt, the celebrated interpreter, was waiting for us.

A big, well-set-up man, he had about him an air of electric energy—his whole brisk bearing indicative of his photographic quilingual mental processes. Herr Schmidt speaks, thinks and acts German, French, Spanish, English and American. He is especially proud of the last accomplishment and knows all our idioms and cracks which he says he absorbed from the motion pictures. When he speaks German he talks with all the mannerisms of a German, and when he is talking American you would swear he was a professional man, probably a lawyer, from a central Western city.

Suddenly Dr. Saller looked at his watch and said it was time to leave. We got into a tremendous shining black Mercedes-Benz automobile, and drove down a curving road by a row of shops under a medieval arcade. We left the town and climbed up a long incline where there was a gate with a lodge. The custodian poked his head out of the door, gave one quick look, and we went on. A quarter of a mile further we were stopped at another gate and there was a colloquy. The gatekeeper knew the chauffeur who was in German military uniform, and he knew well the big shining black automobile, but nothing is left to chance in guarding the Führer of all the Germans. "He is shy of civilians," Herr Schmidt explained; "no one ever comes this way now, except people from the Army."

A little further on, the mountain road took a sharp turn and we stopped before a white cottage resembling a double-decked California bungalow. Hitler's ruling passion is architecture. But I saw nothing original or decorative in the first aspect of his Berghof. Entering the Berghof, we went along a passageway where servants appeared every few steps, as if by magic. They missed not a single detail of my entry, my conduct, or the content of my pockets between the hallway and the anteroom. We left our hats and coats before we passed through a double doorway to enter the great hall with its enormous bay window.

The dramatic spectacle of the great mountain, the lurid light and shadow below in the green valley, all held me spellbound, until Schmidt suddenly galvanized to rigid attention and whispered, stagelike: "The Führer." Schmidt crossed the room and raised his hand on high, to which Hitler replied with the same gesture. Without a word, Hitler extended his hand to me and shook hands with no display of enthusiasm. I had seen Hitler at Brown Shirt meetings when I visited Berlin during my four years in Poland, and only two weeks before in the Reichstag when he addressed that body on the campaign in Greece. In these appearances he had looked so much taller, so much more commanding that at first I could hardly identify him with the slight, frail figure before me now. Above all I was struck by the unhealthy pallor of his skin. He had the same look that prisoners have who have been denied the sun during a long period of confinement. He looked dyspeptic and dog-tired, with swollen, puffed eyes, febrile bright. Since the beginning of the war, the story went, he got less than four hours rest each night, and now he gave

the impression of being utterly fatigued—one whose nervous energy is nearly spent from overstrain.

Directly after our introduction, Hitler crossed the room and without a word sat down in an easy chair by the round table near the window. A grandfather clock in the corner struck 3: Hitler was on time, to the dot. I stood awaiting an invitation from my host to sit down until Schmidt whispered that I should take the seat next the Führer while Schmidt sat at my right and Walter Hewel, the Foreign Office liaison officer, sat directly opposite Hitler.

Hitler stared at me and I stared back. He continued to stare so long that I wondered if this staring duel would ever end. His expression was one of cold hostility. Finally he dropped his eyes and after that only looked at me casually from time to time. His eyes were truly remarkable and gave the impression of light, so intense they were. They were the arresting feature of his face, harsh, metallic eyes, indicative of an intense, indomitable will, geared to a frenzy. In color they were so pale that at first you could not identify the pigment of the pupils. Perhaps they had been seared by the blindness which Hitler suffered after being gassed at Ypres during the last days of fighting in 1918. As our talk developed, I had a chance to examine them carefully and decided they were that pale translucent green one sees in certain moods of the sea. Above all they were hard, unyielding, fanatical eyes, harsh as the facial lineaments were harsh, without one compromising note of sympathy or kindness.

As he sat there, Hitler's attitude was that of a man who faced a disagreeable ordeal and wanted to get it over with as soon as possible. He crossed his knees and teetered one foot up and down impatiently. He was dressed in a gray-green coat, like a military tunic, with a double row of brass buttons and wide lapels, wore dark civilian trousers, a white shirt with a soft collar and black tie with a silver swastika scarf pin. After we had talked for a few minutes, he draped one arm about the back of his chair and I had an opportunity to study the hand, a small hand with short square fingertips, a white and lifeless hand of unseen veins like the hand of one dead. All through the conversation he held this hand motionless and never did he gesticulate with either hand.

In this conversation my questions were directed to the interpreter, Schmidt, but Hitler strangely, when he answered, spoke to Hewel, an old comrade of the first Putsch days and seemed to find a response and receptiveness in him, rather than in the interpreter.

I had always been told that Hitler's mental processes were emotional rather than intellectual but that was not my experience at this meeting. He answered all questions, more responsively than many men of state I had interviewed under the cloak of confidence and secrecy when I was in the Foreign Service. His voice was utterly lacking in any sympathetic timbre and had the harsh frayed quality one associates with political orators at the close of a hard campaign. I did not find Hitler a monologist or given to a great volume of words. So many people had told me about his ranting and raving, yet in this conference his voice was never once raised and never did he give sign of any agitation, nor did he gesticulate, but spoke with the utmost composure, never betraying vocally the intensity indicated by the taut lineaments of his face.

His hair was a plastered mouse-brown mop, the mustache showing a few gray hairs and also there was a hint of gray commencing at the temple and back of the ears. The forehead showed a remarkable protuberance above the eyebrows, which the phrenologists call the perceptive cranial area. The upper forehead receded and did not indicate great contemplative capacity. The nose was thick and heavy, without clean-cut lines, and the lower face, although not heavily boned or projected, gave an impression of great energy and aggressiveness. When I spoke about the German menace to the Western Hemisphere, he laughed a harsh, strident laugh, disagreeable as a rasping automobile gear. His face looked as if spontaneous mirthful laughter had taken a long holiday. It was a humorless face and a desperately hard one.

As we talked on, the clock in the corner struck at several intervals with rasping regularity. During one of these clanging outbursts Hitler rose to his feet as abruptly as he had sat down. Schmidt sprang instantly to attention with hand upheld in the Nazi salute. Hitler shook hands with me with the same unmollified hostility he had displayed at the outset. I told him I would report honestly and objectively, without comment, but had no idea of how American editors might construe and interpret his remarks. We mounted the marble steps and at the threshold of the Berghof hall, Schmidt turned again and raised his hand ceremonially in farewell. We went away.

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Veronica Lake

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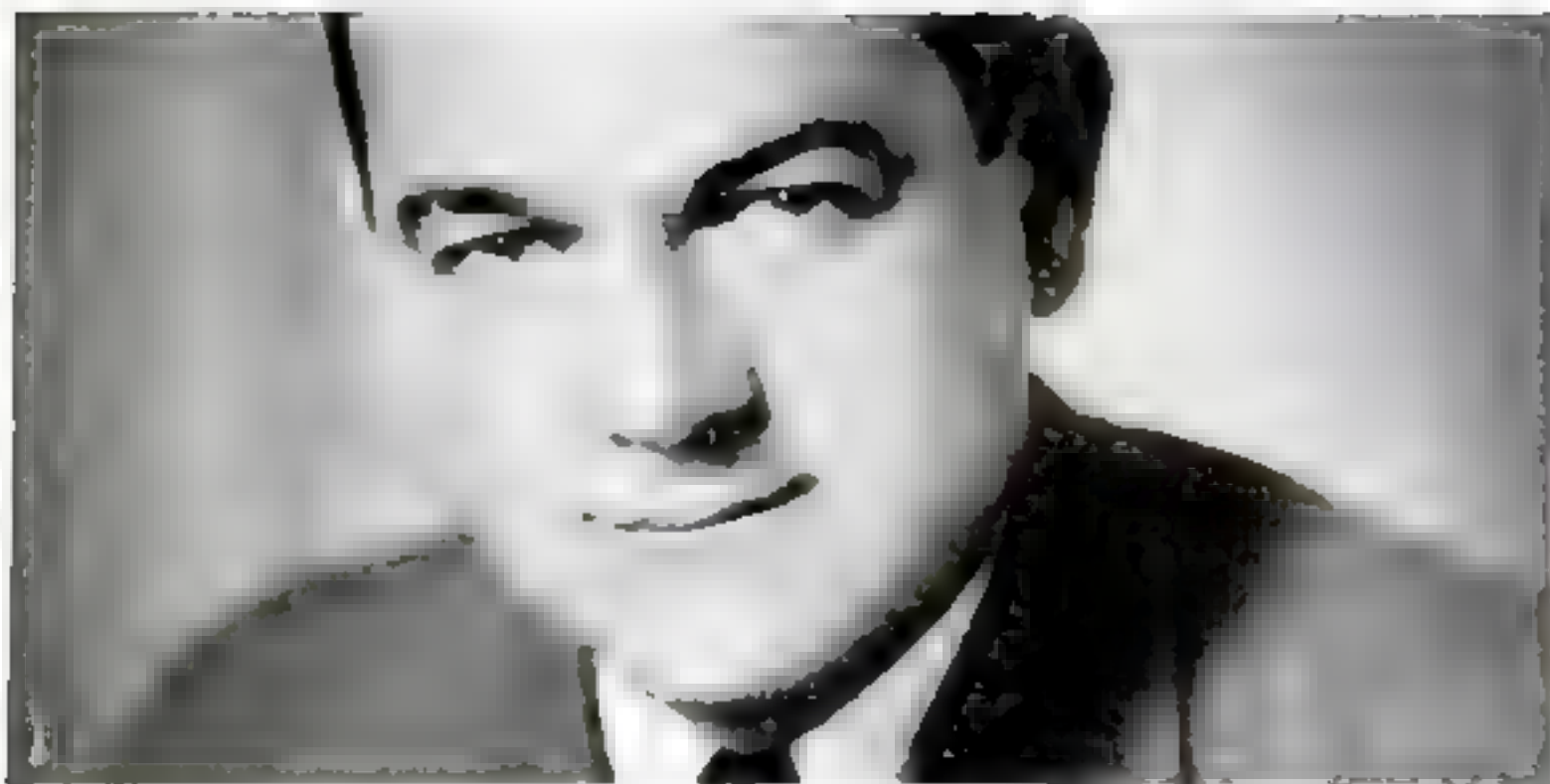
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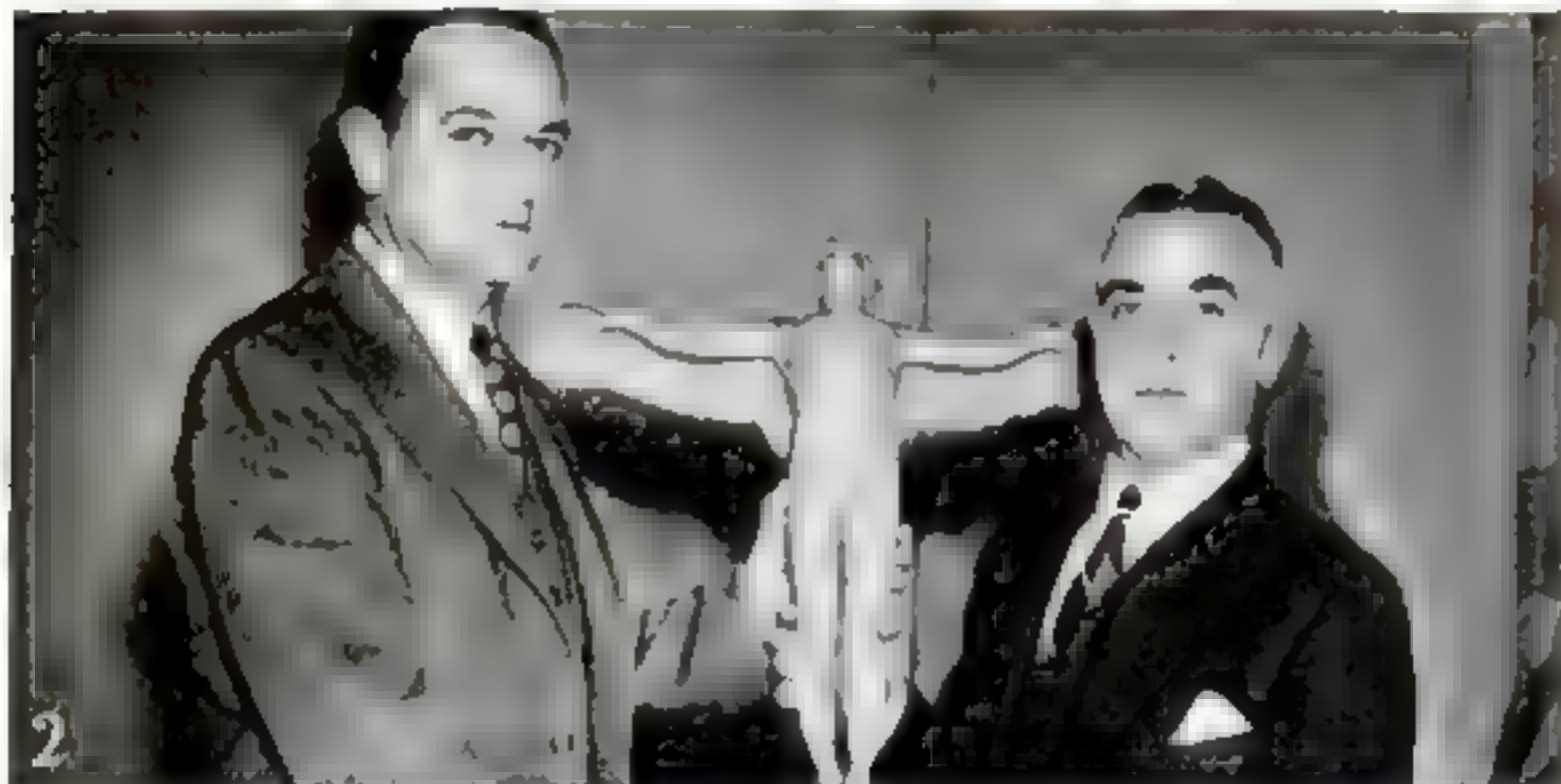
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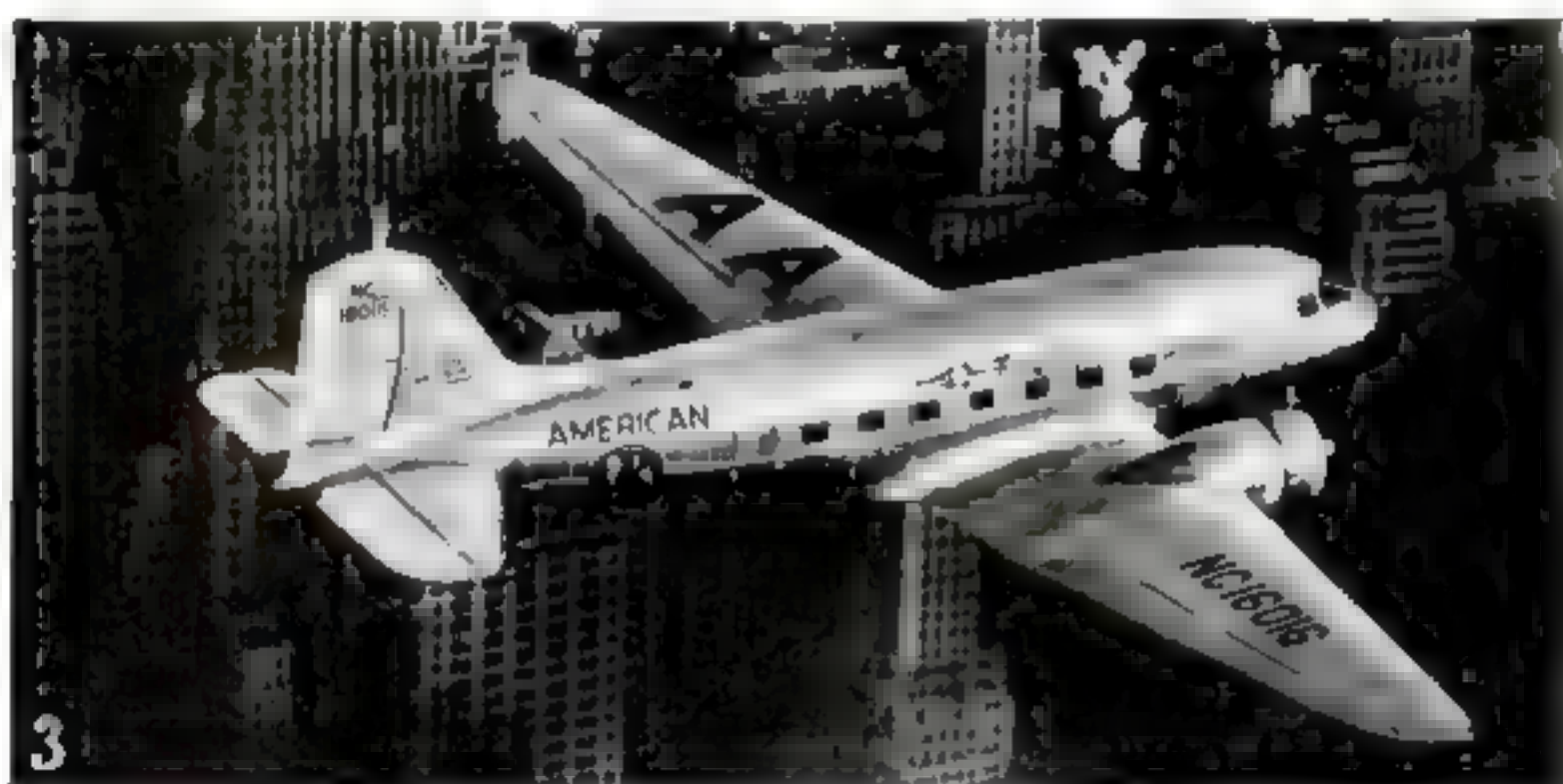
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LIFE'S COVER



Mary Lenna Alexander, the girl on this week's cover lazily trailing her hand over the side of a boat, illustrates better than anything else the comfortable feeling of relaxation which fishermen enjoyed on the float-fishing trip in the Ozarks, shown on pages 86-89. Trip was run by Jim Owen of Branson, Mo. who, seven years ago, saw the commercial possibilities in the Ozark method of combining excellent game fishing in which the region abounds with complete release from work and worry of camping. Owen also runs a drugstore and a movie theater.

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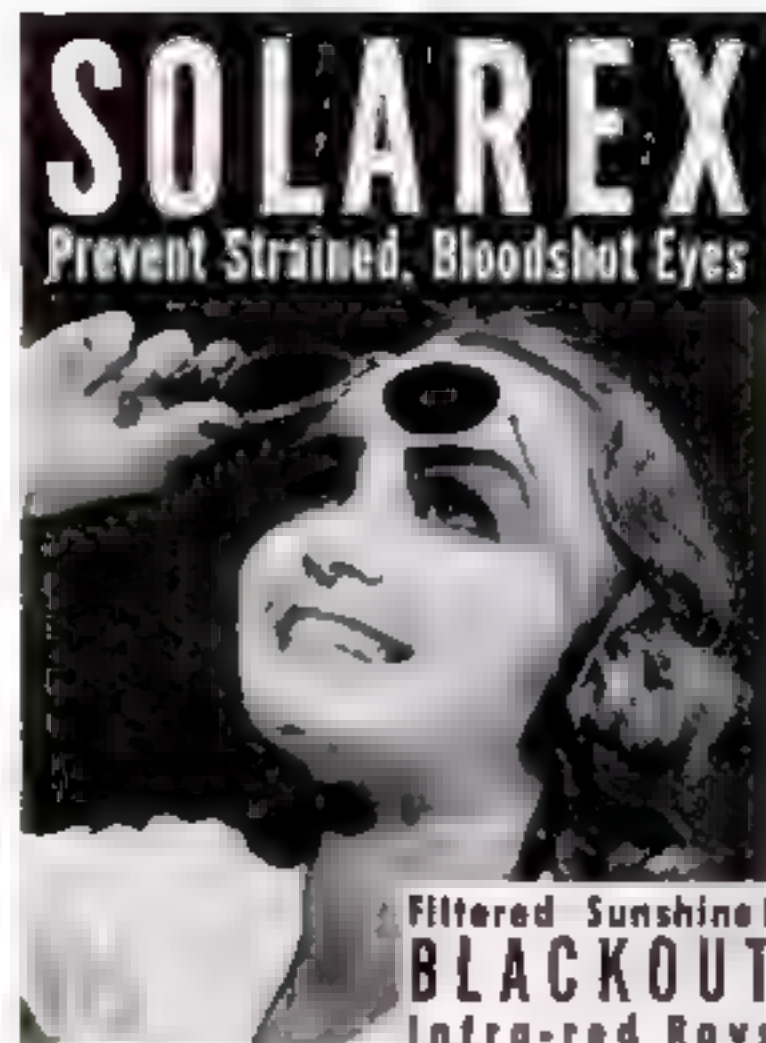
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At Recife, Brazil, pictured just before boarding the ill-fated *Zamzam*, are David Scherman (left) and Charles J. V. Murphy, whose story of the sinking of the *Zamzam* is illustrated by Scherman's remarkable photographs on page 21 of *set*.

LIFE'S PICTURES

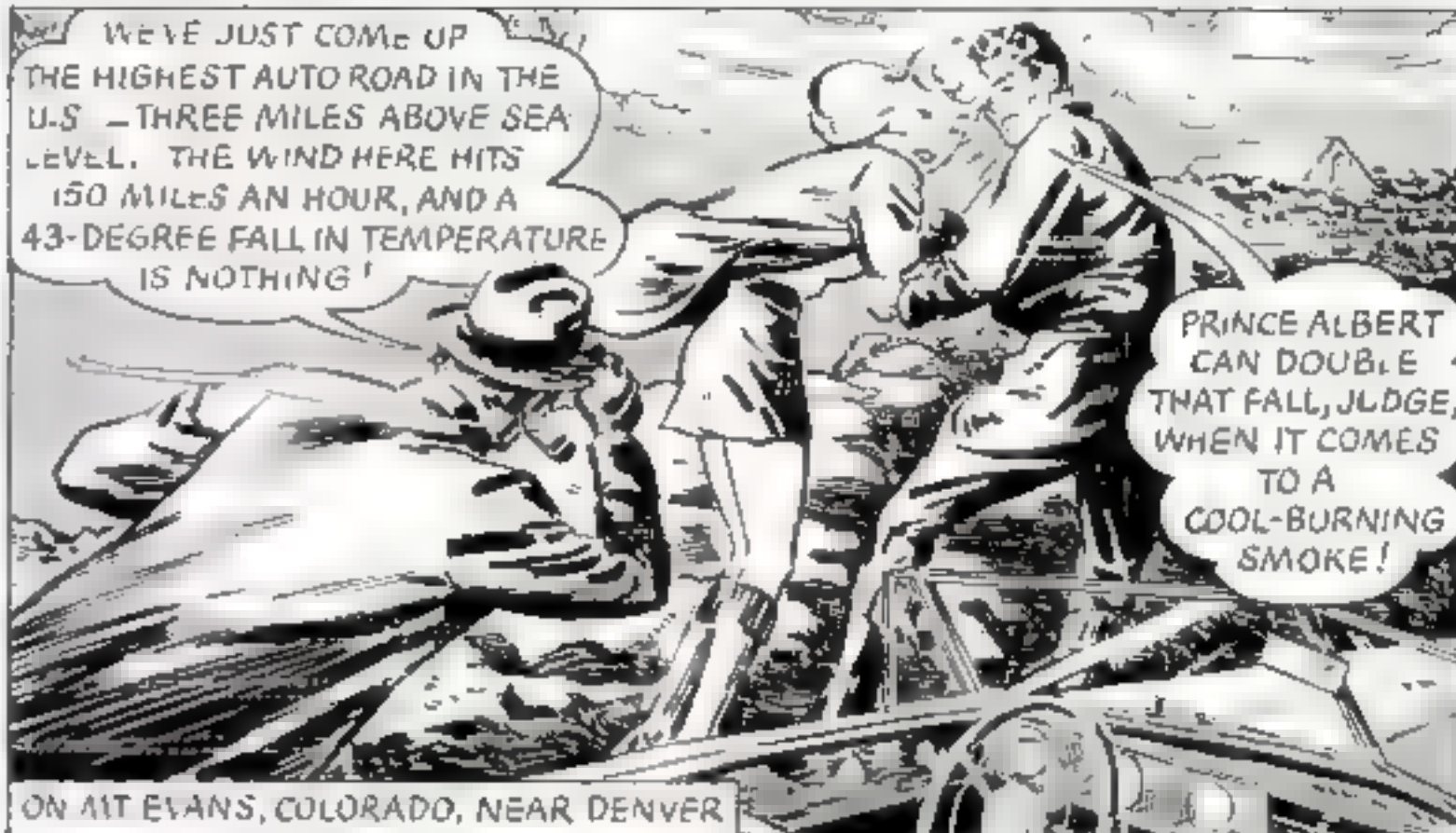
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 22, 23—DAVID E. SCHERMAN, *map* by TONY BODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN
 24, 25, 26, 27—DAVID E. SCHERMAN
 28—BUR—A. P.—INT—KHAYAT from B. S.—GEORGE STROCK
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 30, 31—MORSE-PIX
 32—ACME—HUGH A. ARNOTT—LOS ANGELES TIMES
 33—A. P.—HUGH A. ARNOTT—LOS ANGELES TIMES
 34—ACME, ALFRED HUMPHREYS—LOS ANGELES TIMES—PAUL CALVERT—LOS ANGELES TIMES
 37—PARAMOUNT PICTURES
 38, 39, 40—UNIVERSAL PICTURES
 43—Country GIBBY ADVERTISING AGENCY—WALTER B. LANE—WALTER B. LANE
 44, 49—WALTER B. LANE
 50—ANDREAS FEININGER
 51—Courtesy MR. & MRS. DANIEL LONGWELL—Courtesy 460 PARK AVENUE GALLERY
 52—Courtesy MR. ARMOND SHAW—Courtesy THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N. Y., THE MRS. JOHN D. ROCKWELLER JR. PURCHASE FUND
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 86, 87, 88, 89—WALT SANDERS from B. S.
 91—DON N. WRIGHT—DON N. WRIGHT—INT

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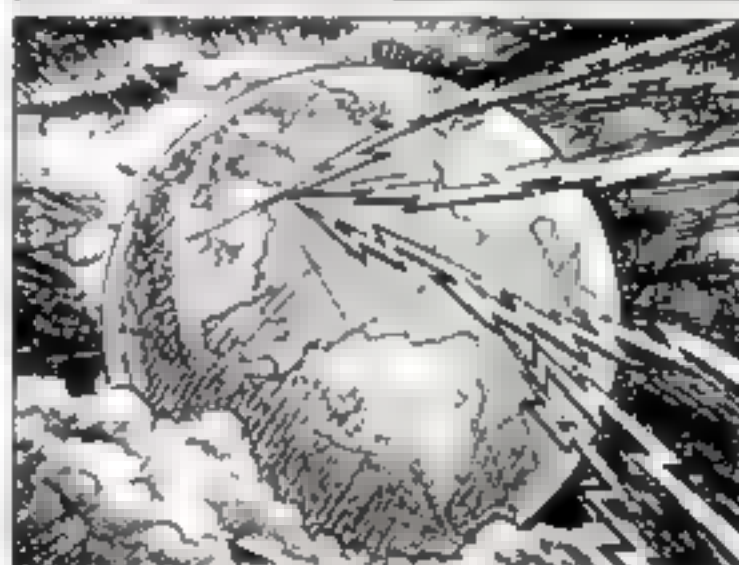
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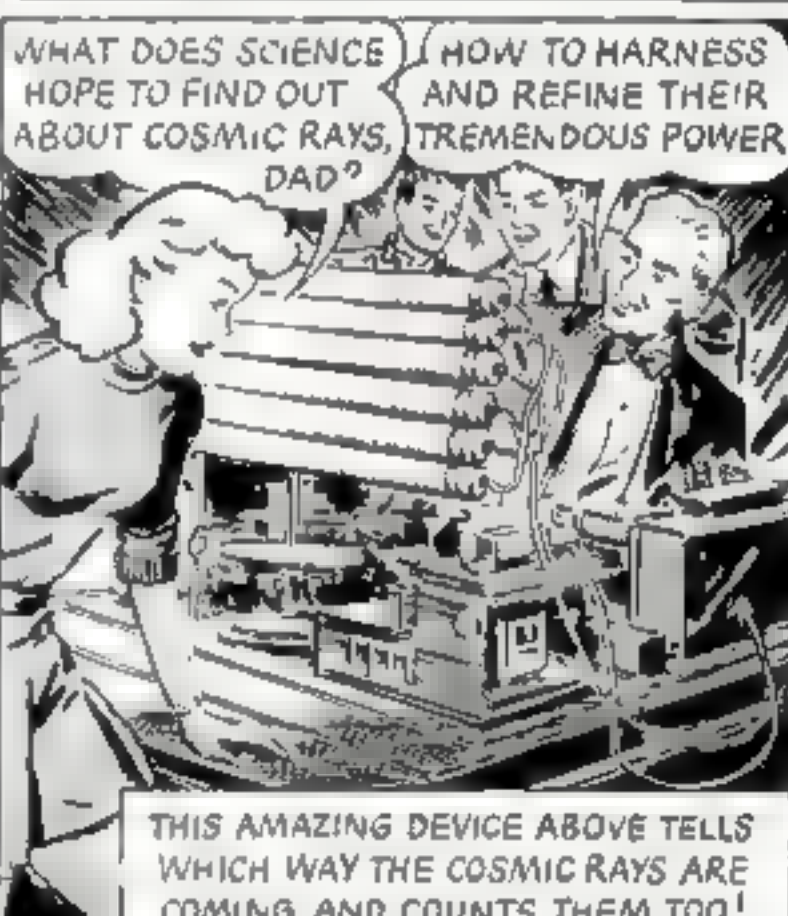
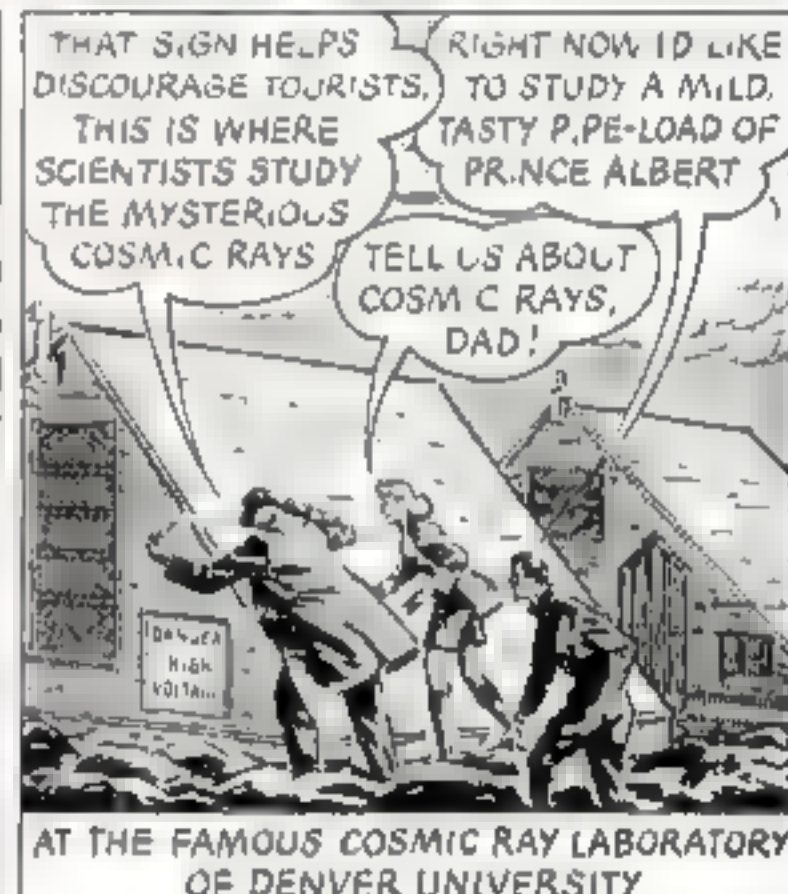
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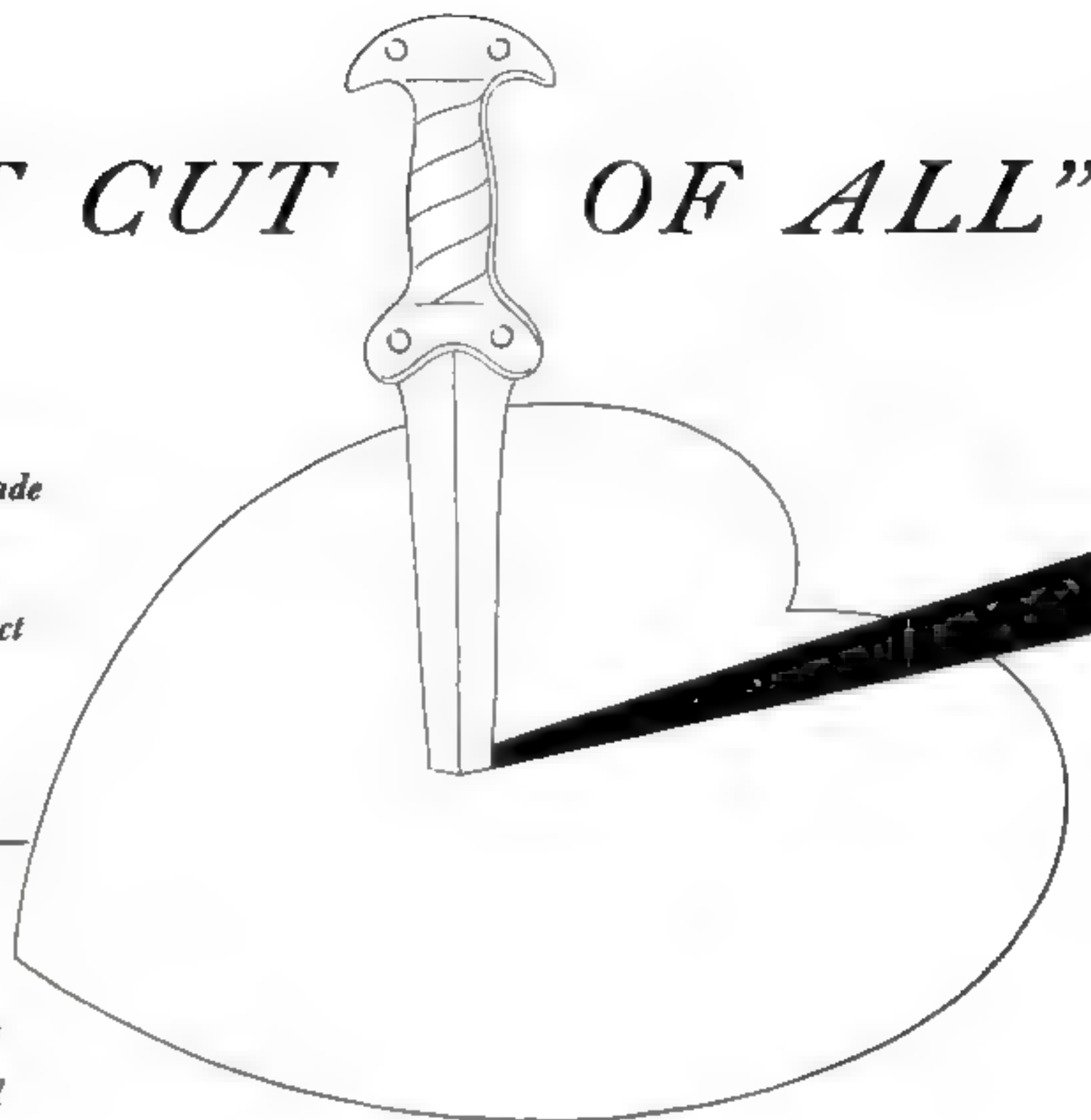


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The customer of quality looks at the job it does; the cut-quality customer looks at the price tag it bears.

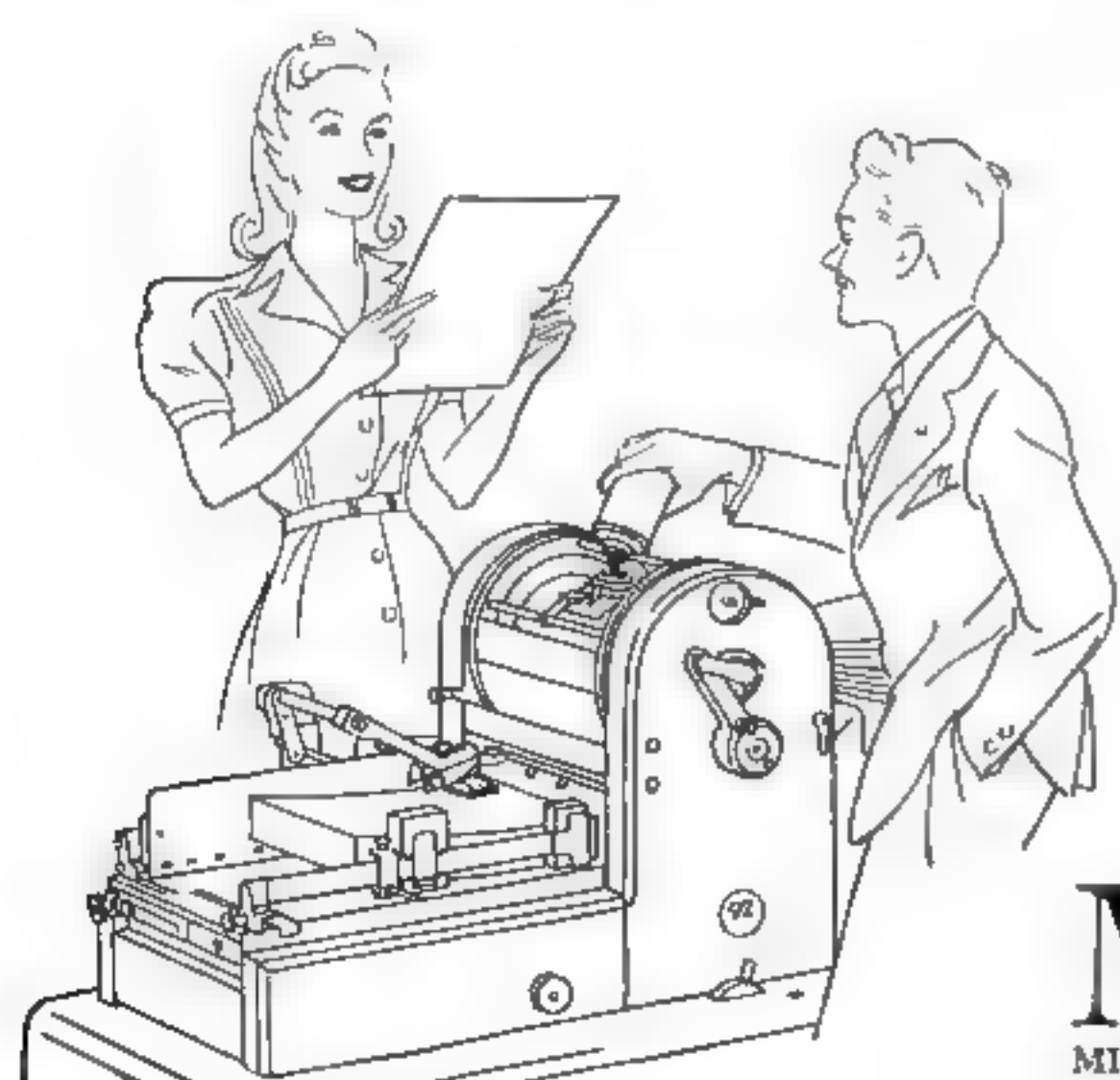
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TEN MINUTES AFTER SHELLING BY NAZI RAIDER, SCHERMAN IN LIFEBOAT NO. 1 TOOK THIS PICTURE OF STRICKEN "ZAMZAM" WITH ANOTHER LIFEBOAT PULLING FOR OPEN SEA

THE SINKING OF THE "ZAMZAM"

STORY by CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

PICTURES by DAVID E. SCHERMAN

Ordered to South Africa for picture-and-word stories on the war, David E. Scherman, LIFE staff photographer, and Charles J. V. Murphy, an editor of LIFE's sister publication *Fortune*, were passengers aboard the *Zamzam* when that vessel was shelled and sunk by a Nazi raider in the South Atlantic. They returned safely to the U. S. on June 9. LIFE presents their story as the first full account, with photographs, of this act of war on the high seas. Most of Scherman's photographs were seized by the Germans in France but he managed to smuggle out those published here. Murphy is in a position to write with expert knowledge of this affair because the *Zamzam* survivors, after their capture by the Germans, elected him their official spokesman in all dealings with the Nazis.—ED.

The rickety Egyptian ship *Zamzam*, bound from New York to Alexandria, via the Cape of Good Hope, put into Baltimore on March 23 to take on additional cargo and passengers. There Captain William Gray Smith looked down unhappily on the pier where 120 missionaries sang *Lead Kindly Light*, and two dozen cheerful irreverent ambulance drivers tried to drown them out with an impudent song of their own. Smith, a bouncy little Scot with a weather-reddened face, turned to his chief engineer. "Mark my words, Chief," he said grimly. "It's bad luck for a ship to have so many Bible punchers and sky pilots aboard. No good will come out of this."

Scherman and I boarded the *Zamzam* at Recife, having flown to Brazil to save time at sea. The *Zamzam*, due April 1, arrived a week late. When we hurried down to the docks to confirm the miracle of her appearance, the rails were crowded with people clamoring to be let off. Some were shouting rude jibes at the dock workers. A passenger bellowed down at us: "If you two intend to come aboard this wreck, don't ever say we didn't warn you what you're in for. The food's lousy, the crew's lousier." He pointed toward the stack, where the word MISR, from the company's name, was visible. "They even call her the Misery Ship."

The *Zamzam* put out for Capetown April 9, delayed for two hours by one of the table stewards, who had overslept in a brothel. Our presence

raised the passenger list to 102, of whom 73 were women and 35 were children. There were 138 Americans, 26 Canadians, 25 British, five South Africans, four Belgians, one Italian, one Norwegian and two Greek nurses. The crew numbered 129—106 Egyptians, nine Sudanese, six Greeks, two Yugoslavs, two Turks, one Czech, one French and two British—the captain and the chief engineer. We headed past the breakwater shortly after 7 a. m., and from then until we were hit at dawn, eight days later, we never saw another ship.

On ships, even more than on land, people tend to band themselves into little jealous cliques. The conglomeration on the *Zamzam* carried this tendency to the point of grotesqueness. The ambulance drivers, mostly young men in their early 20's, made one self-sufficient group. The little bar aft became their stronghold, just as the saloon forward, where only tea or coffee and cookies were served, became the bastion of the missionaries.

Six tobacco buyers and auctioneers, all from North Carolina and en route to Africa under British contract to high-pressure the Rhodesian tobacco market, made another compact group. Then there were refugees from England, completing a roundabout flight via Canada toward a haven in South Africa. Dr. Dudley Wright, 75, bombed out of his practice in Surrey, was headed for South Africa to make a fresh start. The monocol Dr. James de Graaff Hunter, 60, retired

THE GERMAN RAIDER CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF



The "Tamesis" closes cautiously in on *Zanzibar* 20 minutes after shelling, her deckhouse windows reflecting South Atlantic sunrise. Passengers in bobbing lifeboats or swimming in water (far right) are wondering now if she is approaching to machine-gun boats, finish off *Zanzibar* without trace. *Lloyd's Register* lists a *Tamesis* as a Norwegian cargo boat of 7,256 tons, built in Danzig in 1939, registered at Tonsberg. But it is possible that the Germans use the name as a blind. The name *Tirana 1938* was on the ship's bell. The ship was a single-screw, elliptical-stern

motorship. Faster than she looked, she could probably do 18 knots. Bewildered passengers, swarming up her side on rope ladders and herded to a midship hatch under marine guard, saw a phony canvas superstructure just abaft the deckhouse. Hand-picked crew of several hundred rugged young Nazis from 19 to 30 manned her, and her captain, a handsome giant named Rogge, had full German Navy rank. On her spotless decks were ranged rows of oil drums, and her companionways below were jammed with 75- and 155-mm. powder canisters. Her sides

A black and white photograph showing the dark, textured hull of a ship on the left side of the frame. The ship is partially obscured by a thick layer of white foam or spray that fills the middle ground. The background is a bright, hazy sky. The water in the foreground is dark and choppy with small waves.

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

The *Zamzam* was traveling without lights and in radio silence. She flew no flag and there were no identifying marks on her sides. Even the customary noon positions were denied the passengers

The first real scare came on the afternoon of April 14. At 3:25 o'clock the ship, which had been steering southeast, swung hard to the west and, at top speed, headed back in the direction of South America. Around 6 o'clock, as dusk gathered, she veered southwest, holding that course until 10 o'clock, when she turned south. It wasn't until an uneasy dawn revealed an empty sea that she finally squared away again for Capetown.

Later the Captain told me what had happened. Shortly after 3 o'clock his radiomen had picked up a conventional British warning—**QQQ**, meaning "suspicious ship"—from a ship that sounded hard by. A few minutes later, while the radiomen were glued to the receivers, a second signal smashed in—a series of R's, meaning Raider, followed by a strident message: "Being chased by a German raider. Course zero [due north]. Fourteen knots." She flashed her name as the *Tar-Yin*, of Norwegian registry, and her position as Lat. 22° 30' S, Long. 16° 10' W—which would put her less than 20 miles southeast of where the *Zamzam* turned, just below the horizon, and fleeing directly across her track. In turning at right angles, Captain Smith put his ship on a heading that would increase the distance between him and these unseen ships in the quickest possible time. But the *Zamzam*, wide open, could do barely 13 knots.

Surprisingly, we heard no guns. Nevertheless, all that night the *Zamzam* was driven as she hadn't been driven in years. New creaks and groans sounded mournfully in her straining rickety frame. Later, when Scherman and I went on the bridge, Captain Smith said: "You can't tell what the hell direction the raider may have turned. She may be headed at us in the dark. . . . Well, there's nothing more that I can do. We'll hold this course and see what happens."

"Get up! Get up! They're shelling us!"

Next day, Tuesday, swam with sunlight. Of the *Tai-Yin* we heard nothing more. Wednesday night, the 16th, we were five days out of Capetown. It was pitch dark when I turned in just after midnight. I fell asleep almost instantly. The next thing I knew the air was trembling with a terrible vibration, a meaningless sound welling up around me. Scherman, already on his feet, was tearing at his camera case under the bed and yelling, "Get up! Get up! They're shelling us!"

A blind animal instinct drove me out of the cabin to the deck, on the starboard side, opposite the sun, which had not yet risen. From somewhere, quite near, came several loud reports. The atmosphere rightened into a tense, spiraling scream, and even as I shrivelled against the bones of my body the water directly abeam, less than 100 yards away, rose up in two crackling columns and subsided.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SCHERMAN AND MURPHY TRAVELED ON THREE SHIPS FROM BRAZIL TO FRANCE



On the "Zamzam" at sunset day before attack missionaries gathered for vespers on sundeck, starboard side. Twenty-one missionary sets and 17 French-Canadian priests held daily religious services. Trombonist (center) is one of three aboard ship. Note blackout flap on saloon port.



Night before shelling blackedout *Zamzam* steamed southeast into a waning moon. Lifeboats were swung out in readiness for trouble day after ship left Recife. At 3:30 a.m., a few hours after this picture was made, *Zamzam* was picked up by *Tamias*, followed cautiously till dawn.

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

There was another salvo, after which the ship shook and trembled, and I heard a tearing, rending noise. In the dark—all the lights were out—I crossed over to the port side, and the moment I stepped out on deck I saw the German raider. She was broadside on, so close I could count her bridge decks, and if ever a ship looked the role, she did—a ship of ambush, very low in the water, black against the dawn. Even as I looked several long red flashes spurted forward and abaft the funnel, and as I raced back to the cabin the passageway behind me heaved and filled with smoke. That shot, I think, hit the lounge. I heard a child cry, and a hoarse, hurt voice screaming an Arabic oath.

I have Captain Smith's formal report to his owners. In it he says that at 5:43 a. m. he was roused from sleep by the First Officer, Stanko Fiedel, to take star sights. While he was dressing, Fiedel rushed back to say that a ship

was overtaking on the port quarter at high speed. Still in pajamas, Mr. Smith bounded out on the bridge. When he saw the other ship, she was about four miles off, steering the same course. He dispatched Fiedel aft to break out the nearest and biggest Egyptian flag. The other ship came on. She flew no flag, gave no signal. Having closed the range to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, she suddenly ported to bring a full broadside to bear, and opened fire. The first salvo, according to Captain Smith, fell about 60 or 70 ft. short, on a direct line with the bridge. The second—the one I saw—went over. Then, in the German phrase, having located "the finger between," they started to hit the *Zamzam*. One of these shots carried away the radio antennas. In the third salvo one of the lifeboats was blown in two. The fourth punched a big hole in the engine room below the water line. After that the hits came fast, and the misses also, throwing columns of water all around.

"The thought came over me," Captain Smith told me afterward, "the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



When shelling ceased, the noisy *Zamzam* engines had stopped and in the horrible stagy quiet of the early morning some passengers filed quietly to boats which were lowered to boat deck (above). Others like the man above stood for bewildered aimless seconds, later took to rope lad-

ders down *Zamzam*'s steep sides and dropped in boats which the Egyptian crew had failed to hold at boat deck. Farther aft missionary men and women herded their children to rail as missionary doctors and ambulance drivers administered first aid to three badly wounded shipmates.



Into a starboard lifeboat already crammed to the gunwales with 23 people, five more frantic passengers and crew seek admittance from ladder down *Zamzam's* side. Crew member standing by ladder in boat waves them back. Man at bottom of ladder is Catholic priest. One raft (exp.

left) was never launched, another next to it got stuck on sundeck. On port side shells destroyed Boats 4 and 9, splintered hulls of two others that later were swamped with all hands. The calm sea saved many lives, but heavy swell made bobbing boats hard to board, harder to hold near ship.



Charles Murphy, later elected passengers' chairman, shows at departing boat crew to come back, later laid down rope to boat, burning hands. Ship's nurse hands down rope.

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

bloody bastards are going to sink us without trace." On the second salvo, he said, he had jerked the engine room telegraph to stop, and ordered the ship turned broadside to the raider, to show that she was stopped. He tried to signal on the Morse blinker, but shell fragments had cut away the wire. One of the young Egyptian cadets stood by, and he sent him to find a flashlight. About that time a shell struck the Captain's bedroom fair, smashing the wall in, and sending a spray of splinters across the bridge.

A terrific crash came close by, and when I went out into the passageway a third time the air was full of dust and a stink of powder. The deck was littered with debris and the overhead had buckled. Mrs. Levitt in the cabin directly across from ours was bleeding badly from both feet which had been crushed by a falling beam.

Altogether, the firing lasted about ten minutes—from 5:55 to 6:05. Our estimates as to the number of shots fired ranged from twelve to 20, but the German gunnery lieutenant on the raider later said he had fired 55. If so, it was ragged shooting, considering the close range. At least nine shots went into the *Zamzam*, all on the portside. One smashed in the hull, just aft of the midship side watertight door and, bursting in the passageway, wounded young Frank Vicovari, co-leader of the ambulance drivers, and Dr. Robert Starling, middle-aged British chiropractor, as they came out of their cabins. The tall funnel was struck square and a big hole torn in it. Lifeboat No. 4 was cut cleanly in half by a direct hit. It may have been a splinter from this shell that hit "Uncle Ned" Laughinghouse, dean of the tobaccomen. He had a piece of steel through the forehead into the brain. Two ambulance drivers found him sprawled out on the midship hatch, bleeding terribly, but still conscious and trying to staunch the flow, which blinded him, with a handkerchief.

These were the serious casualties, but there were others. An Arab laundryman, Mahmoud el Bagouri, was nearly disemboweled. Dr. Rufail, the Egyptian ship's doctor, got a splinter in his eye and rushed about shrieking frantically for some one to take it out, so that he could help the wounded. Anwar, the senior radio operator, received a chunk of metal in the stomach.

After that brutal, wholly unnecessary shelling of an unarmed ship—a ship not only stopped but hopelessly stricken—I thought they'd slip alongside and put a torpedo into her. I pulled a pair of pants over my pajamas, put on shoes, grabbed up my topcoat, wallet and passport, and went to my lifeboat station.

Let it be said for the crew that at least they got the boats over quickly and in good order. But let it also be said that once they themselves were safely in the boats, their behavior was abominable. They screamed and bellowed at the top of their lungs, they fought to pull away when the boats were only half full, and because we couldn't understand them nor they us we had a horrible time trying to control the boats. Mrs. Starling, plump and middle-aged, raced down a ladder to hold a boat for her wounded husband, whom three men had carried to the rail. Just as she reached the bottom of the ladder the boat pulled away, and not having the strength to climb back, she let go and fell into the water. Swept astern, she was paddling weakly when an ambulance driver hauled her onto a raft.

The ambulance drivers behaved admirably. They rounded up the women and children and helped them into the boats; they carried



Wounded by shell fragments in both feet when bomb demolished her cabin, Mrs. Kathleen Levitt, British woman sailing to rejoin R. A. F. husband in Africa, sits half-fainting on deck with her children, Peter and Wendy. She was later helped down rope ladder by Tobacco-Buyer Harry Cawthorne. Below, Tommy Miller, another tobaccoman, carries kicking, screaming Peter into boat. Mother and children are now held by Germans.





Left aboard sinking "Zamzam" when all boats had pulled away were a dozen young men who had been attracted to high speed motorboats at a race. Another boat was stuck under the sinking ship, as waves and boats towed it toward the shore. The engine room's fuel tank exploded, igniting a fire that broke out by Cape Town, by which time the ship began to sink.

Last boat heads out into the open, rolling South Atlantic, with its Egyptian crew of 100 men. The ship was later sighted by a British naval ship, which rescued the crew. The ship was later sighted by a British naval ship, which rescued the crew. The ship was later sighted by a British naval ship, which rescued the crew.



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Germany sinks an American ship and dares the U. S. to make an incident of it

On the day (June 9) that Survivors Scherman of LIFE and Murphy of FORTUNE arrived home by Clipper to begin preparing the account of the *Zamzam* sinking which appears in this issue, word reached the U. S. of another ship sunk in mid-Atlantic. Again American passengers had been forced to take to lifeboats, just as they are shown doing in Photographer Scherman's pictures. But here the similarity ended and the



U-BOAT INSIGNIA

differences—which might profoundly affect the course of U. S. and world history—began.

The *Zamzam* was an Egyptian boat. But the second ship was American—the 5,000-ton Seas Shipping Co.'s freighter *Robin Moor*, bound from New York to Capetown. It was sunk not by a surface raider but by a submarine.

And while the *Zamzam* survivors were carried safely to shore, the *Robin Moor*'s passengers and crew were set adrift in open lifeboats hundreds of miles from land. First news of the event came when a lifeboat with eleven battered survivors was picked up by a Brazilian ship 18 days after the sinking. Five days later there had still been no word of the other seven passengers and 28 crew members. All but two were American.

President Roosevelt's masterly handling of the affair put to shame isolationists who have charged that he was only waiting for some such incident as this to whip the nation into a shooting hysteria. From the White House came an immediate request that the American people suspend judgment until the U. S. Consul at Pernambuco had interviewed the eleven survivors. When his report of their testimony did come, the facts were announced with all the calm which icy Undersecretary of State Welles could summon.

But the facts needed no embellishment. Though the submarine bore no markings other than the name *Lorricke* or *Lorickke* and a "laughing cow" painted on its conning tower, the survivors were positive that it was German. (Pictures of a German submarine insignia of a charging bull, which might have been taken for a laughing cow, were in U. S. files—see above.) Its commander spoke poor English. Not only did the *Robin Moor* carry a huge "U. S. A." painted on both sides and an illuminated U. S. flag flying from its stern, but it had also sent a lifeboat to the submarine to inform the commander that it was American. The ship's cook reported that an armed German in the boarding party had seized the radio to prevent sending of an SOS. Among the ship's cargo, ranging from chemicals to brassieres, had been no munitions. When abandoned, the lifeboats were 800 miles from Dakar, Africa and 1,200 miles from Recife, Brazil. The sinking was far outside the war zone.

While tired and ailing old Secretary Hull remained closeted in his Wardman Park Hotel suite, Undersecretary Welles took a coldly legalistic position. The Germans, he pointed out, had violated a 1930 treaty in which they agreed that a submarine must make adequate provision for safety of passengers and crew before sinking a merchant ship. In Berlin, Nazi spokesmen were cockily defiant. They declared they would "not be buffaloed," asserted that under British definition nearly everything is contraband and that they would persist in shooting at any ship carrying contraband to their enemy. They recalled Adolf Hitler's threat of Jan. 30: "Every ship that comes before our torpedo tubes will be torpedoed."

Washington officials who had supposed that Hitler was anxious to keep the U. S. out of war as long as possible were reported frankly surprised by the Ger-

man action. But the American people, who have learned a lot since the *Lusitania* went down, showed few evidences of either surprise or hysteria, accepting the news rather with a hardening of spirit, a grim determination. To all of them it was clear that, unless the Germans should temporize with apology and full reparation, the U. S. now had only two possible courses of action. It could withdraw its ships not merely from combat zones but from all the seven seas. Or it could give them armed protection.

New Chief. In a fine gesture of national unity, President Roosevelt on June 12 passed over his well-loved protégé, Attorney General Bob Jackson, and to the Chief Justiceship of the U. S. promoted Associate Justice Harlan F. Stone. A New York Republican, Stone was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Coolidge but turned out to be one of its sturdiest liberals. For Jackson there were two consolations: 1) he will replace Mr. Justice Stone as Associate Justice.



CHIEF JUSTICE & WIFE

2) he is only 49, to Stone's 68. A third vacancy, left by James C. McReynolds, went to South Carolina's Jimmy Byrnes, New Deal field marshal in the U. S. Senate. With these appointments, Mr. Roosevelt had named more justices than any President since Washington and assured a New Deal court for years to come.

Showdown. Though the sending of U. S. troops to break the North American aviation strike (see pp. 32-34) made excellent domestic propaganda for the Axis, its effect was unmistakably bad news to them. Other defense strikers in Cleveland and Detroit aluminum plants hustled back to work and Washington lumberworkers prepared to do likewise. The head of the A. F. of L. machinists union ordered San Francisco shipyard strikers to follow suit. The U. S. Senate voted the



MURRAY & LEWIS

President power to commandeer any strikebound defense plant when mediation efforts fail, passed a resolution condemning all defense strikes. The Gallup Poll reported that 76% of Americans would now favor a law prohibiting all defense strikes. And President Philip Murray and other top C. I. O. officials now seemed set for a showdown with their troublemaking Red associates who now cluster around the banner of isolationist, Roosevelt-hating ex-President John Llewellyn Lewis.

The Pinch. Exuberant as any bench-warming footballer when he is finally sent into the game, Secretary of the Interior Harold Le Claire Ickes, who hates publishers but not publicity, apparently intends to let no one forget that as Oil Co-ordinator he now has a part in the defense program. On June 12, for the fourth time in a fortnight, Mr. Ickes rushed into the headlines with precisely the same piece of news: there is going to be a gasoline and oil shortage in the East.

Under the Ickes barrage, people tended to forget that many another consumer shortage is just over the horizon. OPM officials were last week predicting that

householders who are now finding it difficult to get new aluminum ice trays will this fall have trouble buying refrigerators, radios, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, various kinds of cloth and rubber goods, gadgets in general. It was also announced that the OPM, pleased with the results of its experiments in Wisconsin and Virginia (LIFE, June 16), would shortly launch a nationwide drive to salvage household aluminum. And the War Department last week asked OPM to cut 1942-model automobile production not the 20% already ordered but as much as 50%. Meantime Price Watchdog Leon Henderson requested five big auto manufacturers to rescind the price boosts they lately announced.



MUSSOLINI

Unprintable Insult. Last week Benito Mussolini insulted the President of the U. S. as no President has probably ever been insulted before by the head of another State. Speaking from Rome to all the Italian people on the first anniversary of Italy's entry into the war, he publicly referred to Franklin Delano Roosevelt as "Delano Roosevelt," purposely dropping the President's first name and putting the emphasis on "Delano." To Italian ears the reference is so smutty that it is unprintable in the U. S.

Halfhearted War. Last week five British and Free French columns were advancing into Vichy-held Syria.



WILSON

By the end of the week they had reached Damascus, the capital so ancient that its origins are unknown, and were reported to have asked the garrison to surrender. They were also within 25 miles of Beirut, Syria's chief port, and a British column following the Euphrates River in northern Syria was 115 miles from Aleppo, allegedly a base for Nazi planes.

For all this activity, the fighting was halfhearted. The defenders' reluctance to defend was matched only by the attackers' reluctance to attack. The British, under General "Jumbo" Wilson, gave the Vichy troops every chance to surrender before opening fire. On the other side, one British pilot reported that several Vichy fighters had attacked him in "mock battle" but had not tried to shoot him down. When another British plane landed with engine trouble, Syrian natives helped the pilot make repairs and fly away.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The U. S. S. *South Dakota*, sister of the new \$5,000-ton, \$70,000,000 battleships *North Carolina* and *Washington*, was not scheduled for launching until October. But on June 7, four months ahead of contract, she smoked down her ways at Camden, leaving them open for the instant beginning of a new cruiser. Speeding at forced draft, the Navy hopes that the year which would normally be required to fit the *South Dakota* up for fighting can now be cut in half.



WAYS "O"
U.S.S. SANTA FE
CONTRACT NO 428

Shipyard Speed-up: Keel for cruiser "Santa Fe" is laid as new battleship "South Dakota" hits the water far ahead of schedule



FINISHING WELL AHEAD OF THE NEAREST HORSE, ROBERT MORRIS, WHIRLAWAY WINS THE 13RD RUNNING OF THE BELMONT STAKES JUNE 7. NOTICE BLINKER ON RIGHT EYE



WHIRLAWAY, YEAR'S BEST HORSE, WINS IN BLINKER

On June 7, the final day of the spring race meet at fashionable Belmont Park, N. Y., a small, three-year-old chestnut colt named Whirlaway bore down the home stretch to a driving finish two and a half lengths ahead of the next horse in the rich (\$52,000) Belmont Stakes. This race, the Derby and the Preakness, make up the three biggest races in the spring meetings. Whirlaway won all three and, as such, he is now regarded as the Horse of the Year.

Most amazing thing about Whirlaway's success is that he has long been known as a problem horse. Although top money winner (\$77,275) last year among two-year-olds, he has been fractious and high strung, and had a tendency to swing out on the turns. To cure him Trainer Ben Jones of the Calumet Farm stables put him through an unusual routine. After thoroughly studying the horse's condition, Jones decided to use kindness and patience instead of punishment. Whirlaway was washed and exercised at precisely the same time every day. He was walked around near the track during races to accustom him to crowds and excitement. He was even induced to slouch (see below) for relaxation. Most interesting was the blinker shown below which limits the vision of his right eye and has helped cure his bearing out. So careful is Jones that neither saddle nor blinker is ever put on unless the horse is to be exercised or raced because Whirlaway gets excited and wants to run.

Fly-screened stall prevents insects from annoying nervous Whirlaway. He is constantly attended by Pinky Brown, an

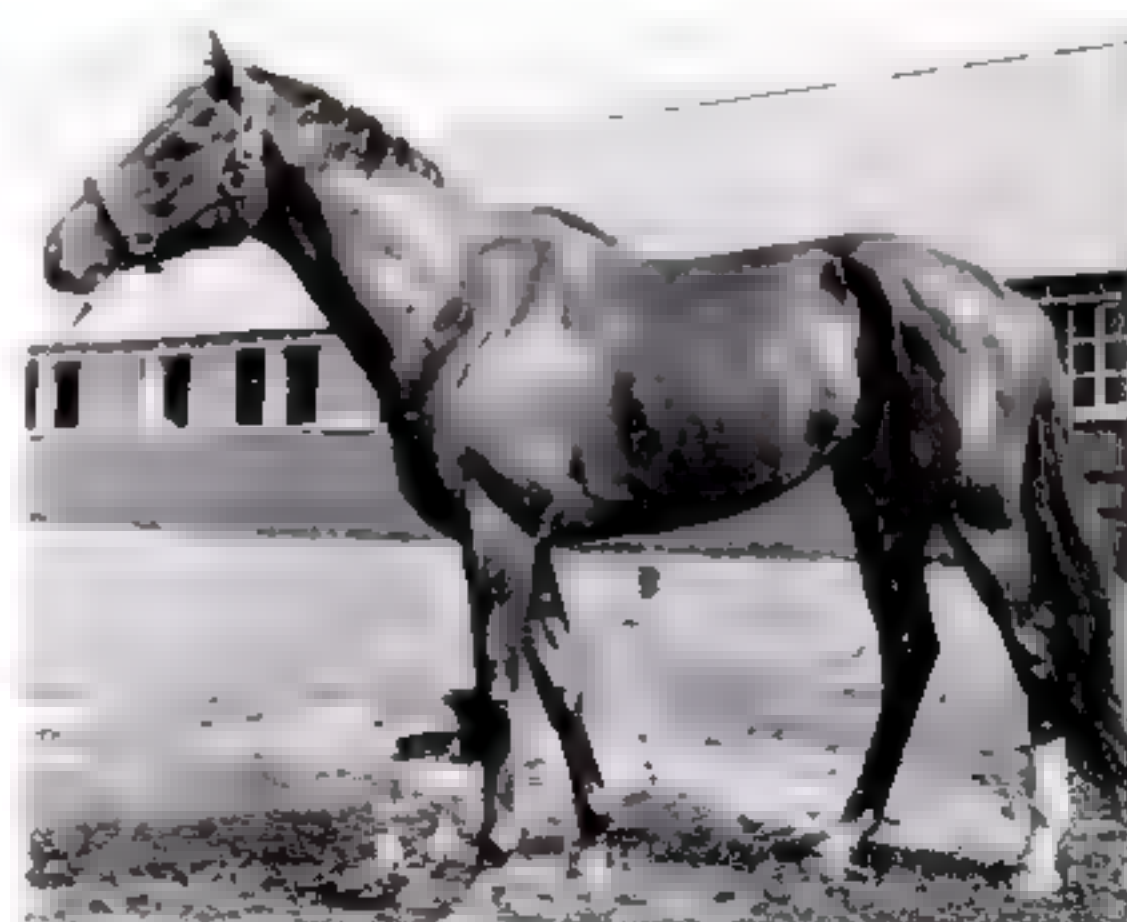
exercise boy, who watches his diet, exercises him and even leads him out onto the track when he is running in a race.



Whirlaway's blinker is so made that he can see the inside rail with his left eye but the smaller cut at right shuts out view of track's outside rail.



Jockey Eddie Arcaro has ridden Whirlaway to all of his great 1941 victories.



Whirlaway's long tail has no racing significance. Mrs. Warren Wright, the owner's wife, objects to cropping, thinks that long tails are pretty.



Whirlaway is not handsome but he is playful and mischievous. He is light chestnut with an elongated star on his fore-

head. He was foaled April 2, 1938 by Dustwhirl at Calumet Farm in Lexington, Ky. His sire was Blenheim II, an Eng-

lish Derby winner, who was sold by Aga Khan to an American syndicate for stud purposes for approximately \$250,000.



The national director of UAW's aircraft division, Richard T. Frankensteen (left) was hoisted on the platform at strikers' mass meeting on June 8 after he called the strike "Communist inspired." At far right is Elmer Freitag, president of striking local, who admits he has been a Communist.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

"Bernie Monday, June 9, in wireless Ward read Bernie this morning that the great Heinkel aviation plant at Oranienburg, maker of many of Germany's best military airplanes, has been closed by strike. Rebell was clearly warning to sabotage the German war effort and overthrow the Nazis and we are here to have frustrated the action. Czech Army troops have been dispatched to take over the strike-bound factory and attempt to bring about resumption of production."

Easily imagined is the thrill of joy and hope which would have surged through the democratic world if such a report had appeared last week. Exactly similar news which did come from Inglewood, Calif., hardly have made Germans, Italians, Russians and Japanese much less happy.

The U. S. Army officer who recently bet that U. S. troops would be used against U. S. civilians before they were used against a foreign enemy had won his bet. On June 9 at 8:35 a. m. the first of 1,700 U. S. Army regulars moving against civilians for the first time since Herbert Hoover cleared the Bonus marchers out of Washington in 1932, arrived at the gates of the North American Aviation plant in Inglewood where a strike began four days before by the C. I. O. United Automobile Workers local had stopped production of \$200,000,000 worth of military planes. The troops marched by order of the most helpful friend that U. S. Labor has ever had, President Roosevelt. Most U. S.

STRIKERS, DEMANDING 75¢-AN-HOUR STARTING WAGE AND 10¢ RAISE FOR EVERYBODY, TOSSED BACK TEAR GAS BOMBS WHEN LOS ANGELES POLICE TRIED TO BREAK PICKET LINE



BREAKS A RED STRIKE

patriots rejoiced at the President's action, sorrowed at the necessity for it.

On the surface, for the best interests of the workers and of U. S. Labor in general, the North American strike made absolutely no sense. The workers' demand for higher pay was in the hands of a National Defense Mediation Board, appointed by a U. S. President whom they had every reason to trust and including among its members the president and another high official of the C. I. O. President Roosevelt had just declared an unlimited national emergency and promised the country that the Government would use all its powers to prevent further defense work stoppages. An aviation strike was the kind surest to draw public wrath not only on the strikers but on all labor.

But under the surface the strike made perfect sense. It is undisputed that some Communists have bored their way into leadership of C. I. O.'s militant and irresponsible young workers. U. S. Communists, who give first allegiance not to the U. S. but to Soviet Russia and hence since the Soviet-Nazi pact have been allies of Adolf Hitler and his Bonapartists, have three immediate aims: 1. to sabotage U. S. defense; 2. to stir up class dissension; 3. to weaken the U. S. system of private enterprise by forcing the Government to take over private industries. The North American strike accomplished all three aims. But it also at last roused the President and loyal labor leaders to cross the line.



After the mass meeting above, Frankenstein suspended all local union officials, dismissed five international representatives of his division. Top C. I. O. officials condemned the strike, and top C. I. O. unions at last promptly started a drive to break Red control of the C. I. O. on the West Coast.

PICKETERS QUICKLY RETREATED WHEN ARMY REGULARS MARCHED UP WITH FIXED BAYONETS. WITHIN THREE DAYS ALMOST ALL OF THE WORKERS HAD RETURNED TO THEIR JOBS





Twenty tough picketers were arrested by soldiers. Draft director accused that draft-age workers deferred his service to a free industry, he reclassified when the strike



Down the drain go picket signs as the strike ends. The Department of Justice was reported planning to end strikes in defiance of the National Mediation Board by blacklisting "subversive" defense workers.

STRIKE CAPTAIN CARL CLEMENTS GOT A NEAT, SYMMETRICAL BAYONET WOUND IN HIS HIP WHEN HE MOVED TOO SLOWLY FOR SOLDIER. THIS WAS THE ONLY BLOODSHED



Face the sun *refreshed*



Under a summer sun, put your thirst in the shade...with ice-cold Coca-Cola. The delicious taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola has the flavor of refreshment . . . complete refreshment. You will enjoy it.



You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloy. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Lady, be lazy
...this feast is yours
in 18 minutes!



1. This dinner (did you guess it?) is a Birds Eye Fish Dinner . . . as fresh-tasting as though you'd picked it out of the fisherman's nets and the farmer's garden yourself. It's trouble-free . . . ready to cook . . . and on the dining room table in 18 minutes! Look . . .

2. Garden-sweet peas, luscious sliced peaches . . . and treat of treats—flaky, boneless fillets of flounder! And those fillets are always ocean-fresh, guaranteed to satisfy. For, like Birds Eye fruits and vegetables, Birds Eye flounder is cleaned and quick frozen at its best.



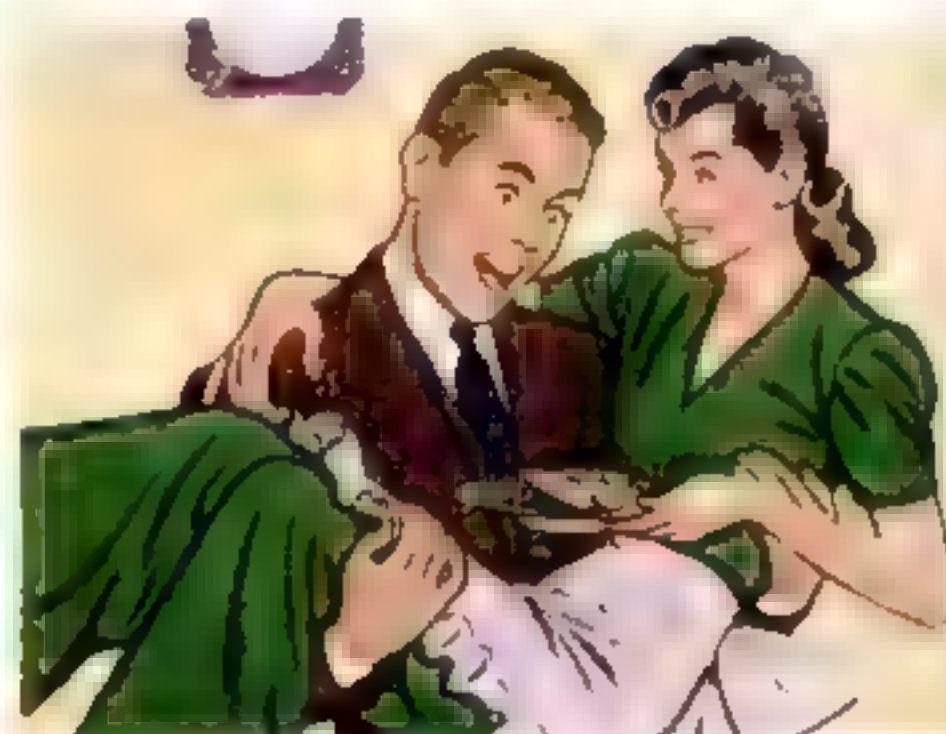
Another Grand Combination:
Birds Eye all-beef Chopped Steak fixed your
favorite way . . . and garden-fresh Birds Eye
Green or Wax Beans! A budget dish!

MAKE NO MISTAKE! Not all quick-frozen foods are Birds Eye! So look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. It guarantees you over 60 first-quality, waste-free Birds Eye Foods. They **MUST SATISFY OR MONEY BACK!**

NEW RECIPES FOR EVERY DAY! Send for the Birds Eye Cook Book . . . just out! 64 pages of tempting food dishes! Only 10¢ in coin or stamps. Write to—Birds Eye Frosted Foods, Dept. L. M. 6-23 Battle Creek, Mich. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.)



3. And Birds Eye foods make hot hours in the kitchen old fashioned! For Birds Eye foods come already cleaned . . . trimmed of *all waste*—ready to empty from package to pot! You don't lift a knife . . . don't wrinkle a brow! We've done all the hateful, fussy end of the job for you!



4. You'll revel in every succulent ounce of this Birds Eye meal. And you pay not a sou for waste. (For example, a box of Birds Eye peas is equal to 2 lbs. of ordinary unshelled peas!) And what eating pleasure they bring you! Serve this marvelous Birds Eye Dinner tonight!



5. Ask your Birds Eye dealer for summer dinners such as the ones illustrated . . . he has dozens of ideas and products that will help to make your summer meal planning easier . . . your kitchen work easier.





THIS IS ONE OF BOB HOPE'S MINOR MISADVENTURES IN "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT." HE IS BURIED IN A SHELL HOLE AND NEARLY JUMPS FROM A PLANE WITHOUT A PARACHUTE

THE MOVIES DISCOVER A GOLD MINE IN SCREWBALL ARMY AND NAVY COMEDIES

The soldier wallowing ludicrously in the mud bath above represents the U. S. cinema industry's newest approach to the war. At first the film-makers tried anti-Nazi melodramas like *The Mortal Storm* and *Escape*. Exciting though these were, the fans proved apathetic. Then followed preparedness epics like *Flight Command* and *I Wanted Wings*. These did better. But last February, Universal hit the jack pot with two new comedians in a piece of completely zany nonsense called *Buck Privates*.

In it were all the old gags still remembered joyously by oldtimers from Charlie Chaplin's *Shoulder*

Arms. The rest consisted of screwball shenanigans lifted in toto from routine vaudeville and burlesque. "Corny" though it was, *Buck Privates* brought the customers rushing to the movie palaces; and when it ran eight weeks in New Orleans and five in St. Paul, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello became names to reckon with. A new Abbott and Costello movie, just released, with same gags transposed to the navy, seems less funny but is bound to clean up (see next page).

Into this gold mine of harebrained military high jinks, Paramount has now leaped with both feet and Bob Hope. In *Caught in the Draft*, Hope is a movie

star turned conscription rookie who can't bear the sound of shooting and faints at the sight of blood. A lot of people will find him excruciatingly funny peeling a mountain of potatoes, shouldering his rifle to the left, marching alone down the parade grounds before a battery of newsreel cameras, driving a tank wildly over ravine and gully and eluding his colonel through a military hospital because, beneath his overcoat, he wears only baggy woolen underwear when stationed on guard. Typical accompanying wisecrack: Officer: "Didn't I see you somewhere before?" Hope: "Sure. I ran fifth in the Kentucky Derby."

They're high on our list of favorite dinner meats!

says MRS. ELMER LAYDEN
wife of the famous football coach

Always on the look-out for something new for dinner, Mrs. Layden was immediately attracted to about these new dinner size frankfurts. "I didn't know large frankfurts could be so tender and juicy," she says. "Why, they actually cut with a fork!" We think you'll like Mrs. Layden's suggestion for a satisfying, different meal: Arrange hot Swift's Premium Frankfurts on a platter with baked tomatoes filled with creamed macaroni. Accompany with a green vegetable and ginger pear salad. (Simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately.)




SWIFT'S PREMIUM
Tender **FRANKFURTS**
 IN THE NEW LARGER "dinner" size

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned



After all, the meats inside make the frankfurts. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of choice beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice



Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins couldn't be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires



In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" ... emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored ... "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes... Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link



Spice-and-pan kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats: Meat Loaf, Braunschweiler, Cervelat, Luner Leaf, Bologna, Salami, Liver Cheese, Cheesecake, Pot Roast of Beef, Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

Wartime Comedies (continued)
TWO LUNATICS RUN RIOT IN THE NAVY

Lon Costello is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and talks as if he had a chronic toothache. One night in 1930, when he was playing a third-string burlesque house in Brooklyn, his straight man vanished. As a substitute, he used the theater cashier whose name was Bud Abbott. For nine years the team of Abbott and Costello jockeyed up and down small time vaudeville and burlesque circuits without much luck. Their first break came in a Broadway musical called *Street of Paris* (1939), in which they discovered that \$3.30 audiences laughed just as hard as 50¢ ones over the old shell game, the old business of rooking a nitwit, the old gag of seeing a fat man fall. They did them again in *Buck Privates*. They do them once more in *In The Navy*. As a pastry cook who has been in the navy six years and was never on a boat, Costello is still funny. As a fake captain who opens his mail with his sword and nearly sinks the fleet, he gets pretty close to inspired lunatic humor.



COSTELLO TRIES TO GET INTO HIS HAMMOCK IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS



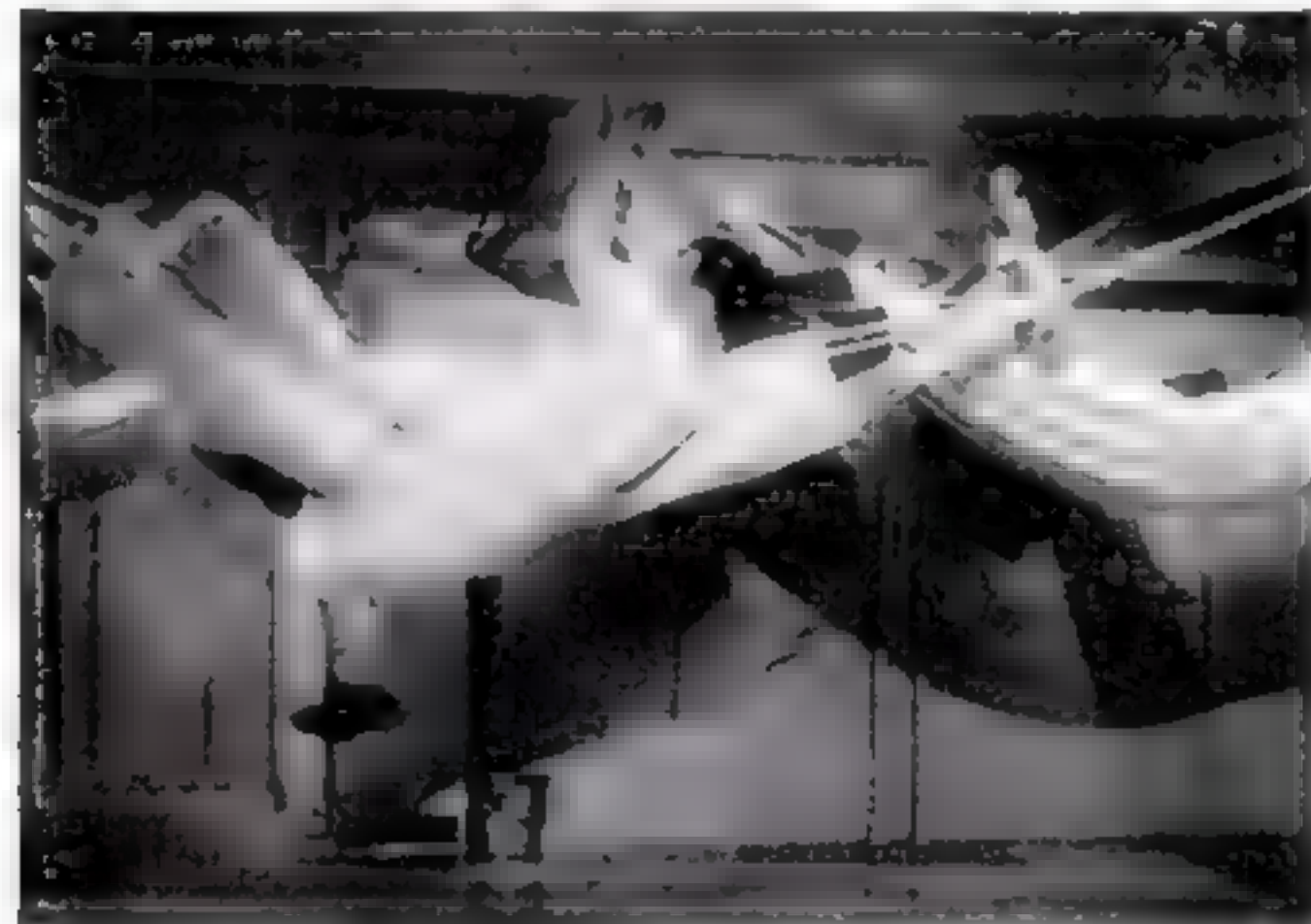
HE SWINGS HIMSELF UP BUT COMES TUMBLING DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE



HE EXPLAINS TO ABBOTT THAT, AS A BAKER, HE SLEPT IN THE SINK



WITH A BLANKET FOR A SADDLE, HE INTENDS TO MOUNT AS ON A HORSE



HE MANAGES TO GET UP BUT DISCOVERS HIS FEET FACING THE PILLOW



HE GETS TURNED AROUND, BUT NOW THE BEDDING STARTS SPILLING OUT



HE LANDS ON THE FLOOR AND DECIDES THAT HE PREFERS TO SLEEP THERE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

B. V. D.
Slim Trim
gives you a brand new figure

B.V.D.'s new SLIM-TRIM construction makes your last year's trunks as back-numbered as Model T.

These 1941 streamlined swimmers have an exclusive figure-form control that not only does something *to* you, but *for* you. A new, trimmer figure—yes. But more. The amazing SLIM-TRIM construction actually helps support your muscles, giving greater energy, new pep and vim. Before you go near the water, step into a pair . . . and step out with the best. You'll find them at all good stores.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

New **B.V.D.** *Swim Suits*
PICK THE FIGURE-TYPE DESIGNED TO HELP YOU!

LIEUTENANT

Slim, young and full of vim and vigor. Go out and mow down the lifeguard in your new B.V.D. trunks.

CAPTAIN

Slightly paunchy? B.V.D.'s ingenious SLIM-TRIM construction pulls you in; gives you gentle support.

COLONEL

The picture of virility. B.V.D.'s special figure-type trunks add new interest to the prime of life.

FIGURE-TYPE SWIM SUITS . . \$1.95 . . \$2.95 . . \$3.95

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Building, N. Y. C. In Canada: The B.V.D. Company, Ltd., Montreal



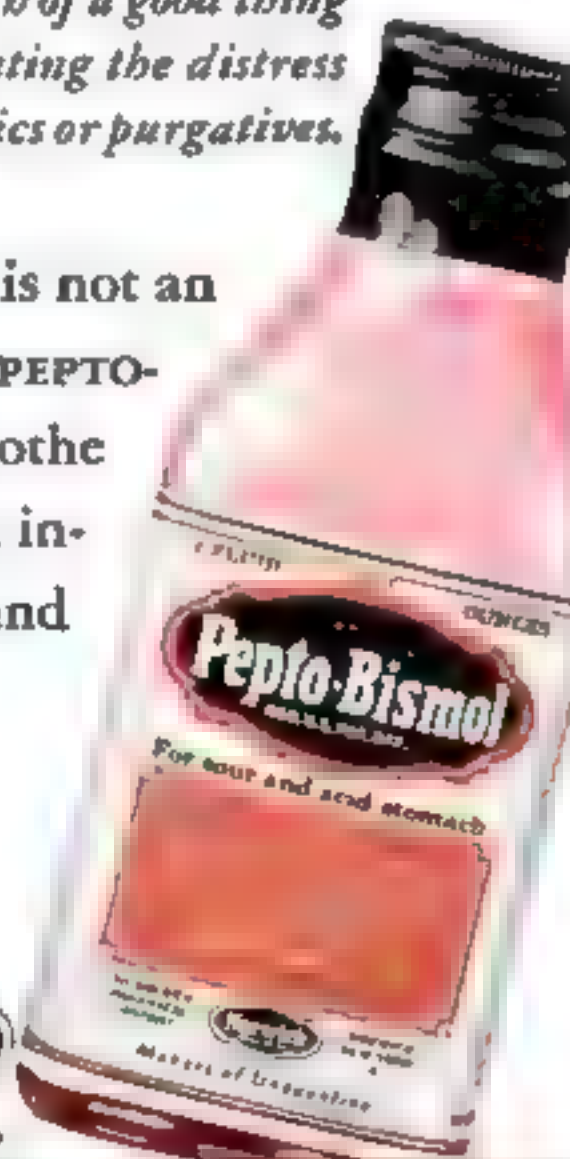
The stomach distress that follows too much of a good thing should be gently handled. Avoid aggravating the distress with overdoses of antacids or drastic physics or purgatives.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. It is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. PEPTO-BISMOL helps to quiet the upset, to soothe the irritated intestinal walls, to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and to relieve simple diarrhea.

This soothing remedy is pleasant—children usually love the flavor!

In two sizes—at your druggist. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich
Makers of Unguentine



PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Wartime Comedies (continued)



COSTELLO SHARES HIS FOOT IN A ROPE AS SAILORS SWAB THE DECKS



A FORMER STUNT MAN, HE CAN TAKE FALLS LIKE THIS WITHOUT INJURY

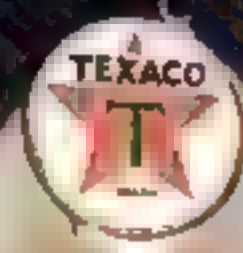


NOW COSTELLO'S TORMENTOR, A PETTY OFFICER, TANGLES IN THE ROPE



WHEN THE OFFICER ORDERS HIM TO "PICK UP THAT LINE," HE OBEYS

THE STAR THAT SHINES ALL NIGHT!



Now...Texaco Dealers offer you night-long service in all 48 States



The hour is late... the driving tired... the road, lonely. Then, through the cold wet darkness, shines a star... the Texaco Star. Eagerly, its friendly light, a man waits to see you... a Texaco Dealer... alert, helpful, competent.

He will offer you the comfort of his Restroom Rest Room... set you straight on your route... clear that befogged windshield... adjust that bothersome headlight... or, supply one of those two famous Texaco gasolines, FIRE-CHIEF or SKY CRUISE. He will protect your hard-worked motor

with Insulater Havoline, or Texaco Motor Oil.

Yes! All night long, throughout the touring season in 48 States, Texaco Dealers offer you this vigilant all night service. You will find it waiting for you this summer at convenient points along all the national highways. *You're Welcome* AT

TEXACO DEALERS



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN... Texaco Dealers invite you to enjoy Fred Allen in the full hour Texaco Star Theatre Program. Wed. Nights, C.S.S. 9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 9:00 M.T., 8:00 P.T.



*No two dogs
are alike*

Dogs are no more alike than
people. This fresh setter is
definitely a champion.

*No two GINS
are alike*

Many people think that
"gin is gin"—which is def-
initely not so. There is
only one Fleischmann's—
and it can't be duplicated
anywhere in the world.

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN
A Pedigreed Gin
FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled and Bottled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Distilled in New York
4 1/2 QUART 50 PROOF

AROUND TOWN...with *Melisse*



"Gals like to be seen in the best of the best."

AROUND TOWN...with *Melisse*



"It's a real treat to be part of the (best of the best)."

AROUND TOWN...with *Melisse*



"Dear Mother, This is the Ohrbach bathing suit I was telling you about."



FOR ABOUT \$32, \$23 and \$7, MELISSE PURCHASES THESE AFTER-DARK DRESSES AT OHRBACH'S AND CONQUERS THE TOWN

EVENING PAJAMAS OF RAYON JERSEY COST ABOUT \$5



EYELET EMBROIDERED WHITE DANCE FROCK, ABOUT \$24



RAINBOW-STRIPED SKIRT WITH PLAIN BODICE, ABOUT \$23



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SOPHISTICATED "MELISSE" SELLS 14TH ST. CLOTHES

New Yorkers who would never think of shopping on 14th Street are chortling over the adventures of Melisse, a cartoon mink who wears only clothes bought at Ohrbach's cash-and-carry store on 14th Street.

Ohrbach's is a huge self-service store, tonier than Klein's but run on a similar basis, i.e., of giving the shopper the most merchandise for her money with a minimum of service. Last April a series of advertisements "Around Town with Melisse" began to appear in New York newspapers. Three of them are reproduced at top of the page. Readers soon began to look for Melisse, now follow her as they do a comic strip.

Creator of Melisse is Mildred Oppenheim, a smallish, big-eyed artist who for the past 15 years has been making a living as a commercial artist. The Ohrbach girl is a glorification of Mildred, who is known professionally as Melisse. The "around-town" series was her own idea. She thinks up the situations, writes the captions, is delighted with the assignment because neither Ohrbach's nor the advertising agency that handles the account censors her copy.

The Melisse series is part of a promotional campaign to attract the smart money crowd to Ohrbach's. Unlike its rival, Klein's, which neither advertises nor seeks publicity, Ohrbach's does both. Most recent stunt was the sending of several John Powers beauties by yacht to a fashion show in Atlantic City. On this and following pages are shown the model "Melisses" and the Ohrbach clothes with which they wowed LIFE's photographer.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL
A TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL! IT'S A

WOW!



Thousands Cheer for
new-type cocktail—the **WOW!**

Delicious—easy to make—inexpensive, too! Here's how to make it:

To a glassful of plain tomato juice add salt and pepper—then a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce. Mix well. Choice ingredients in French's Worcestershire Sauce, aged and mellowed, give this cocktail a grand rich, zesty flavor.

Start dinner with a WOW tonight! Then serve French's Worcestershire with the meat course, too. A wonderful zesty flavor men go for!

TOP-NOTCH
QUALITY
AT HALF
THE
PRICE



French's
Worcestershire
Sauce

Sure, you can get
MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTHS
—and no increase
in price!

● With plenty of famous imported Martini & Rossi Vermouths coming in, why risk bad cocktails? Made in many independent plants all over the world, it is now being shipped from the Argentine and Spain. Every bottle, you may be sure, is made strictly in accord with the celebrated Martini & Rossi formula.

SO REMEMBER, next time you buy, it's the Vermouth that gives a cocktail flavor, and insist on Martini & Rossi—America's favorite Vermouth! EXTRA DRY and REGULAR.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York
Sole Agents • Est. 1886

Alcohol 15.93%
by volume

Extra Dry
Alcohol 18%
by volume



A suit like this would, according to Melisse, inspire lifeguards to fight for the privilege of "saving the girl in the Ohrbach suit." This suit with bra and pleated skirt of jersey sells for about \$40. Prices are never mentioned in "Melisse" advertisements.



Four possible "Melisses" running themselves on the deck of the *Buccaneer* on way to Atlantic City. Some of the other girls found waves too choppy for comfort. Below: Marcia Lynch in seersucker play dress makes navigating difficult for the skipper



Here's
the double-purpose
JUICE
that hits the spot!

● Want a tingly juice for a breakfast starter . . . want a cooling thirst-quencher that hits the spot any time of day? You get both in Florida canned grapefruit juice.

This pure undiluted juice is zesty, appetizing . . . energizing, too. And so economical you get twice as many vitamins for your money as in any non-citrus juice or soda drink!

Try a big beaker for breakfast, and as an afternoon pickup or bedtime nightcap. You'll feel fit all day.

Keep it always on hand. For variety try Florida canned orange juice and orange-grapefruit blended juice. Packed under many fine labels.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION

FLORIDA CANNED
**GRAPEFRUIT
JUICE**

AMMEN'S POWDER
meets the Test of the Tropics

AMMEN'S POWDER is a scientifically balanced formula of the finest ingredients. It absorbs moisture, won't clog the pores, is antiseptic and delightfully refreshing. It relieves summer skin irritations and is especially recommended for babies. A favorite in the tropics, Ammen's will bring YOU the utmost in skin comfort this summer. Ask for it at drug or toilet goods counters.

CHARLES AMMEN COMPANY, LTD.
Alexandria, La., U. S. A.



SEE HOW DETERMINED CHINA IS JUST
BEGINNING TO FIGHT AXIS-
PARTNER JAPAN!

The March of Time takes you deep into
the interior of China to show:

—how small "vast-pocket" arms factories
are operating in disguised farm houses,
huts and even in caves . . .

—how China's vast resources and man-
power is just being mobilized to turn
back Japan's invasion forces!

FEET HURT?
QUICK RELIEF FOR TIRED, BURNING,
TENDER, ITCHY, PERSPIRING FEET.
SOFTENS SKIN AND CALLOUSES.
"AT ALL DRUGGISTS SINCE 1870"
JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
—BUBBLE, FOAM AND SHAM



HANDSOME IS ... *The way You want it!*



Tailored to Your Taste!

Chrysler offers dozens of combinations in exterior colors and interior tailoring!



CERTAINLY you're going to like your car better if you've had a hand in its decoration. Then why not have it tailored to your taste, the Chrysler way? The idea is sweeping the country!

Expensive? Quite the contrary. That's what makes it such a sensation! Custom beauty without custom cost! In the regular line of Chrysler's thirty beautiful cars, you can get fifteen handsome exterior color combinations!

You can have upholstery in broadcloth, pile fabric, Bedford cord, leather, or leather and cloth! In colors, you can have single tones, two tones, stripes and plaids and novelties! You never saw so many gorgeous plastics...such a wealth of rich carpets...

to complete your color scheme. But this tailored-to-taste beauty is only one of the thrills in the beautiful Chrysler!

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

With Chrysler's *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission, you never have to shift gears in normal driving. Yet you're always in the right gear ratio to take full advantage of the enormous power of the big Spitfire engine.

As a result, city traffic has lost its terrors for Chrysler owners. Country driving has become a series of new delights. Transmitted through oil, *Fluid Drive* power is smooth as oil. It can't jerk, nor buck, nor clash.

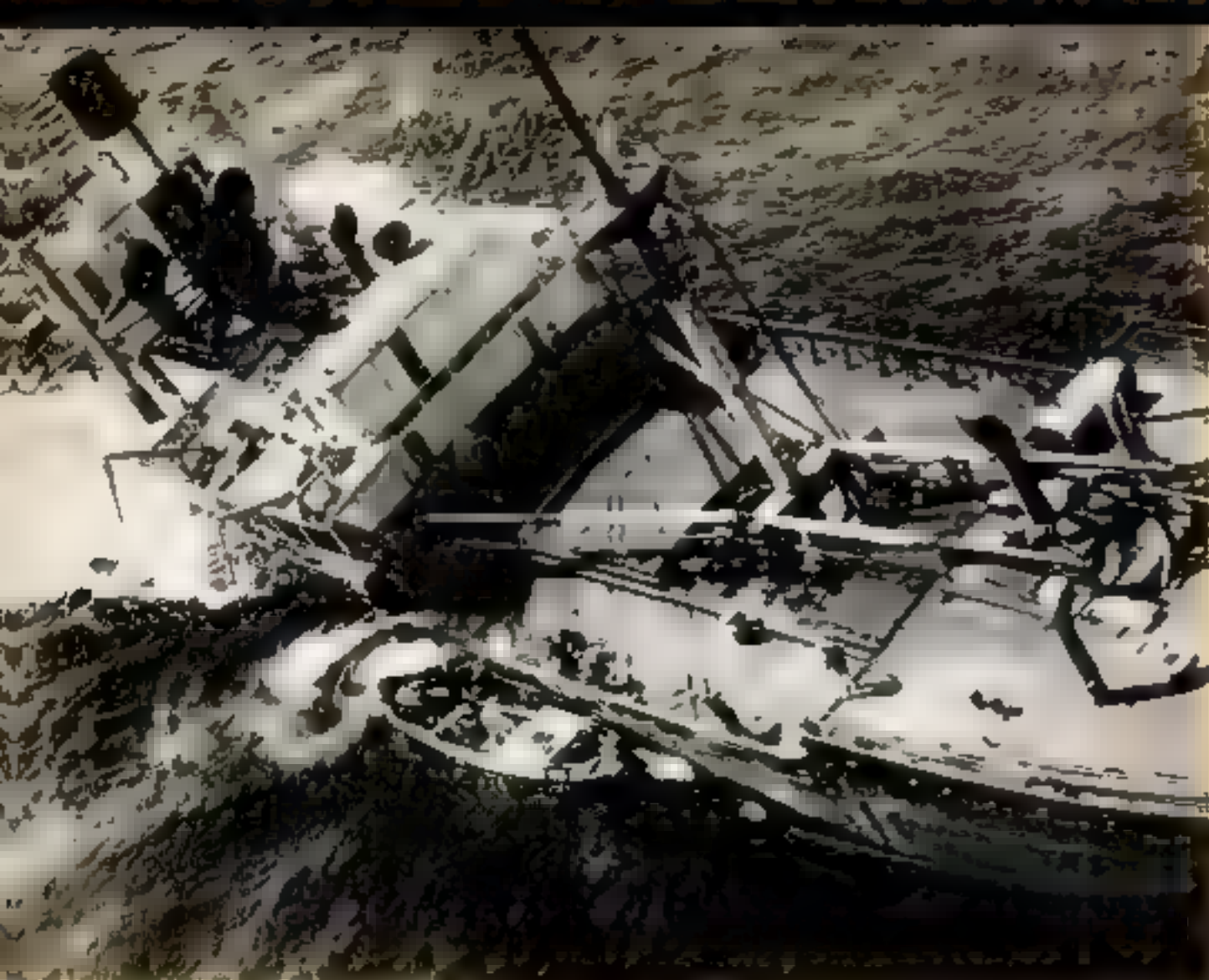
See your Chrysler dealer and try *Fluid Driving*. Once you try it you'll never want to go back to the old-fashioned way!

See the fast word in Station Wagon... Chrysler Town & Country Car

★ TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

BE MODERN -WITH FLUID DRIVE AND VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

Buy Chrysler!



"SINKING OF THE FREIGHTER LILLIAN"—by Joseph Costa . . . (Above)—Because it took nerve, skill, and an unerring news sense to get these pictures of the sinking freighter *Lillian*, rammed in a fog off Barnegat Light . . . because they have terror, beauty, suspense, tremendous climax . . . because they are unique

as a record—they are chosen among the great pictures of the year. First picture (left to right) shows officers and crew abandoning ship after giving up all hope of salvaging the vessel and its \$400,000 cargo. Second shows the *Lillian* going into a dive; third, the boat's final plunge. Made on Eastman Film.

"JIMMY AND HIS DOG"

Amateur Snapshot

(Right)—Because it is a splendid example of the sort of snapshot millions of people all over America are making all the time . . . because it is tremendously real, human, lifelike—this photograph takes its place among the year's great pictures. Made on Eastman Film.

"BALLET DANCER"—by Gray-O'Reilly

(Below)—Because it has captured not only the form but the spirit of a Degas painting . . . because it achieves the emotional effect of color through its superb handling of black and white . . . because all the enchantment of the theatre is expressed in the graceful artifice of the pose, the dramatic lighting—it is chosen as one of the great pictures. Made on Eastman Film.



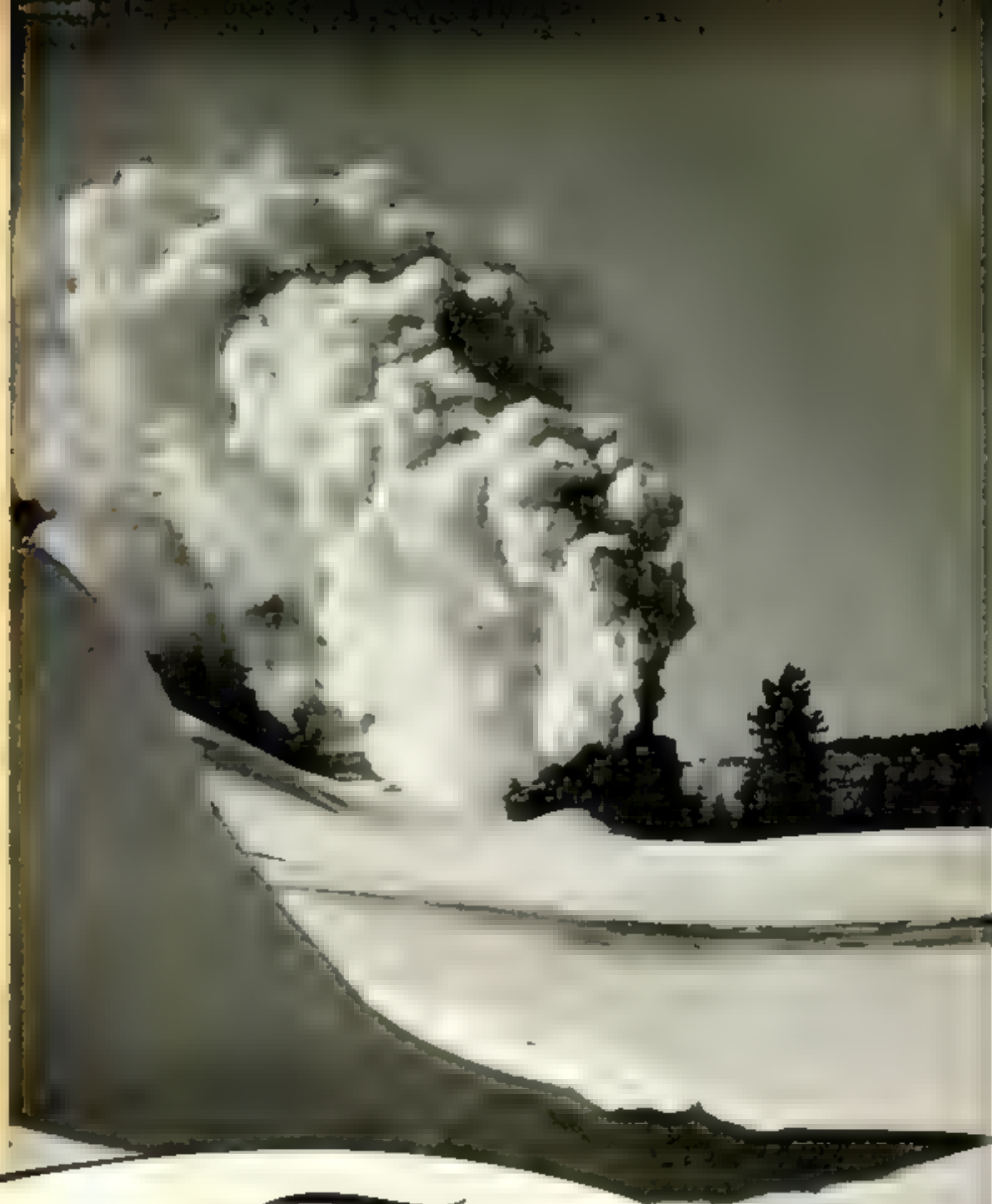
The great pictures are made on EASTMAN



"SNOW TRAIN"

—by Gustav Anderson

(Right)—Because it is the work of one of America's highest rating pictorial photographers . . . because the composition has a beautiful simplicity . . . because everything about the picture says "winter"—even the lonely treetop against the bare sky and the long shadows on the snow—this is chosen as one of the great pictures. Made on Eastman Film.



Eastman Nominates for the
Picture Hall of Fame



"MAKING ENDS MEET"—by J. G. Paul, II

(Below)—Because it was adjudged the best baby picture out of the many hundreds entered in the Newspaper National Snapshot Awards . . . because it has in high degree the appealing charm that pertains more or less to all babies—it is chosen as one of the great pictures of the year. Made on Eastman Film.



"HITTING THE DIRT"—by Herschel Swanson

(Above)—Because this photograph, from the Sand Hill country of Nebraska, attracted nationwide attention as one of the best rodeo pictures ever made . . . because, taken at high shutter speed, it has remarkable photographic quality, as well as excitement and human interest—it is chosen as one of the great pictures. Made on Eastman Film.

AN FILM

There is an Eastman Film for every picture-taking need. Use Eastman Film always. It pays . . . Roll-Film Users: Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Out of petroleum —chickens!

Vitamin E is being added to commercial poultry feeds to make hens lay better and increase the "hatchability" of eggs.

Scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's \$3,500,000 research laboratories, observed some peculiar crystals in a new product they had made from petroleum...

These laboratory curiosities were valuable in the artificial creation of *Vitamin E*—essential to animal fertility. Here, from an oil well, was one of the mysterious forces contributing to the production of life itself!

Shell scientists have found in petroleum a key to synthetic rubber—glycerine—fertilizers—plastics—scores of needed things. These are by-products of their main assignment: finer Shell Gasoline.

Courtesy—Poultry Supply Dealer

Plus power for '4l engines: **SHELL** GASOLINE

YOU can buy scientific progress "by the tankful" at the nearest Shell pump. Shell scientists have advanced the Road Performance Rating (RPR) of Shell Gasoline to an all-time high...

THERMAL CONVERSION makes it extra rich in iso-compounds similar to iso-octane—first produced commercially by Shell scientists to give America 100-octane aviation gasoline... fuel so powerful and efficient that it led to an increase in the speed and flying range of America's planes up to 30%!

This scientific advance saves on the costliest driving you do—Stop-and-Go. And increased

RPR puts a new thrill in your motoring! Get high RPR Shell Gasoline (at regular price) or Shell Premium at your neighborhood Shell dealer's. Try a tankful today.

JULY SERVICE TIP
Vacation soon? Drive in for Shell-lubrication—a "Thoro-Fast" service that puts the right lubricant in the right spots in the right amount.





On Atlantic City beach models test the charm value of their Ohrbach clothes, wonder whether they will be able to duplicate Melisse's conquests. Marena Lynch (left) and Doris Gibson each wear feminine, full-skirted swim dresses costing about \$4.



Suzanne Sommers in black suit with shepherd check trousers, bright red shirt (about \$14) gets policeman's horse. Below: Mayor Thomas D. Taggart Jr. of Atlantic City, overwhelmed by girls in the Ohrbach outfits, gives them a key to the Atlantic Ocean.



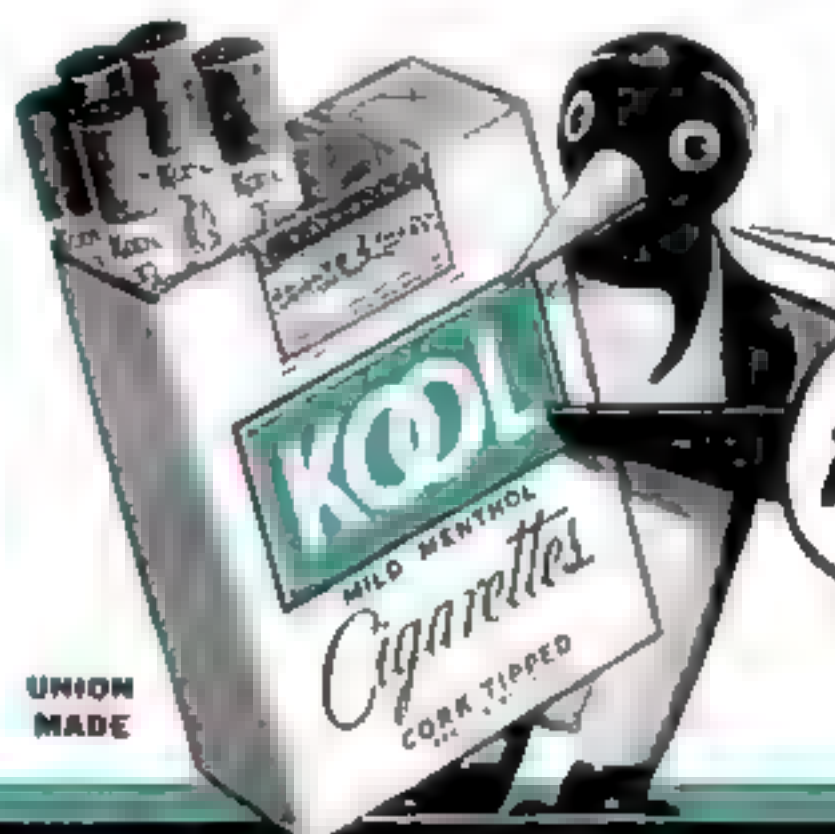
ARE YOU BOTHERED BY

SMOKER'S HACK?

HERE'S good news for you! Thousands of KOOL smokers were asked: "Do KOOLs leave your throat feeling clearer... make your mouth feel cooler?" An overwhelming majority — 83.2% — said "Yes."

Try a pack of KOOLs and see. Light one up. Get that cool,

clear feeling in your throat... that clean, fresh taste in your mouth. You're sure to like this blend of choice tobaccos, made milder with a bit of cooling menthol. You'll soon be saying, like the others: "My throat feels clearer... my mouth cooler." Ask for popular priced KOOLs today.



FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE
SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

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VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK... TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS

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B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

ART



Mrs. Thomas holds a bowl for her husband as he dumps dry pigment from scales preparatory to mixing his own paints. This supply closet in Thomas' New York apartment is always in apple-pie order, with clean paint rags, labels on everything. Below, Thomas bends over his *Brook Willow* (opposite page)

New York apartment is always in apple-pie order, with clean paint rags, labels on everything. Below, Thomas bends over his *Brook Willow* (opposite page)



BYRON THOMAS

HE MAKES A CULT OF CAREFULNESS BUT HE PAINTS AMERICA WITH ENTHUSIASM

Among the current crop of artists exporting the American scene, Byron Thomas is a rarity. He is not self-consciously native. He is far too concerned with what he sees, and how to paint it, to identify himself with the American First movement in art. Yet for that reason Thomas, modestly and genuinely, is as American as they come. Because he does paint slowly, Thomas at 39 held only his second one-man show at New York's 460 Park Avenue Galleries this spring. Seven of his paintings are reproduced here.

In outline, Thomas' career follows a familiar pattern. Born in Baltimore of Welsh stock, he developed his talent at art schools, while supporting himself as a window trimmer, telephone switchboard operator, soda jerker and poster painter. From the Art Students League in New York he descended to Greenwich Village where he was overfed on artistic "isms," and underfed on spaghetti and red wine. So early one morning in 1926 Thomas took the subway to the end of its line, and without a cent in his pocket started to walk west. For eight months he traveled 10,000 miles, worked in stockyards, restaurants, wheat fields, ranches, returned to New York with his first clear idea of the things he wanted to paint. In 1931 he married Florence McGee, a young actress who played the lying, obnoxious brat in *The Children's Hour*. They are happily married.

In private life as well as in his art, Thomas makes a cult of carefulness. He always posts a list of "Things to do tomorrow." He does not mind his wife's disorderly mess so long as it does not interfere with him. He is fascinated by her bureau drawers and chaotic dressing table, refers to them admiringly as a "McGee mess."

The Thomas orderliness springs partly from his love of design, partly from his respect for materials. Whatever he owns, he handles carefully. In spite of all this, his painting is neither cool nor academic, because underlying it is his real enthusiasm for the bowling alleys, baseball fields, trees, old streets and houses that he paints. Byron Thomas' art is something like Wordsworth's definition of poetry. It is "emotion recollected in tranquillity."



Up a tree, Byron Thomas with a cigaret makes sketches of leaves and branches for *Brook Willow*. More than a landscape artist, Thomas paints portraits of trees, sometimes works a year on a tree he falls in love with



"Brook Willow," with its quiet harmony of gray and green, was done by Byron Thomas near his summer studio outside New Hope, Pa. In the magnificent weather-tossed form of this old tree and the sky's queer steely light, Thomas catches the excitement of a brewing

storm. Though he paints in meticulous detail, Thomas avoids fussiness by the broad sweep of his composition. Two little girls swinging on a rope were gardener's children who came over every day to play and soon ignored Thomas as he stood working on this canvas for a month.



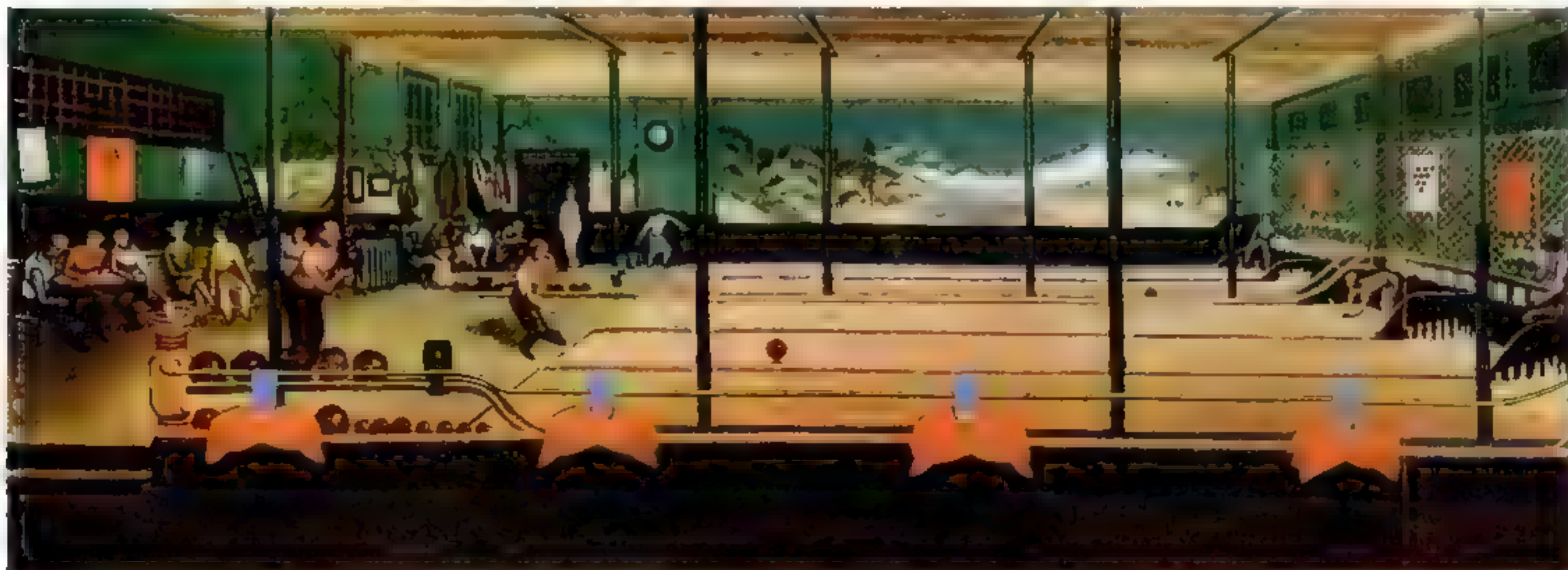
"The Minors—The York White Roses vs. The Trenton Packers" shows a night baseball game which Thomas reports with fine clarity and theatrical color. It was painted last summer at York, Pa., where Thomas drove almost every night to see minor-league baseball games.

Says he: "I sat with the crowd in the bleachers and made drawings. The players in gaudy uniforms played ball for all it was worth. The crowd cheered them every minute of the way. I piled up material which I used to make this picture in my studio." It is for sale for \$450.



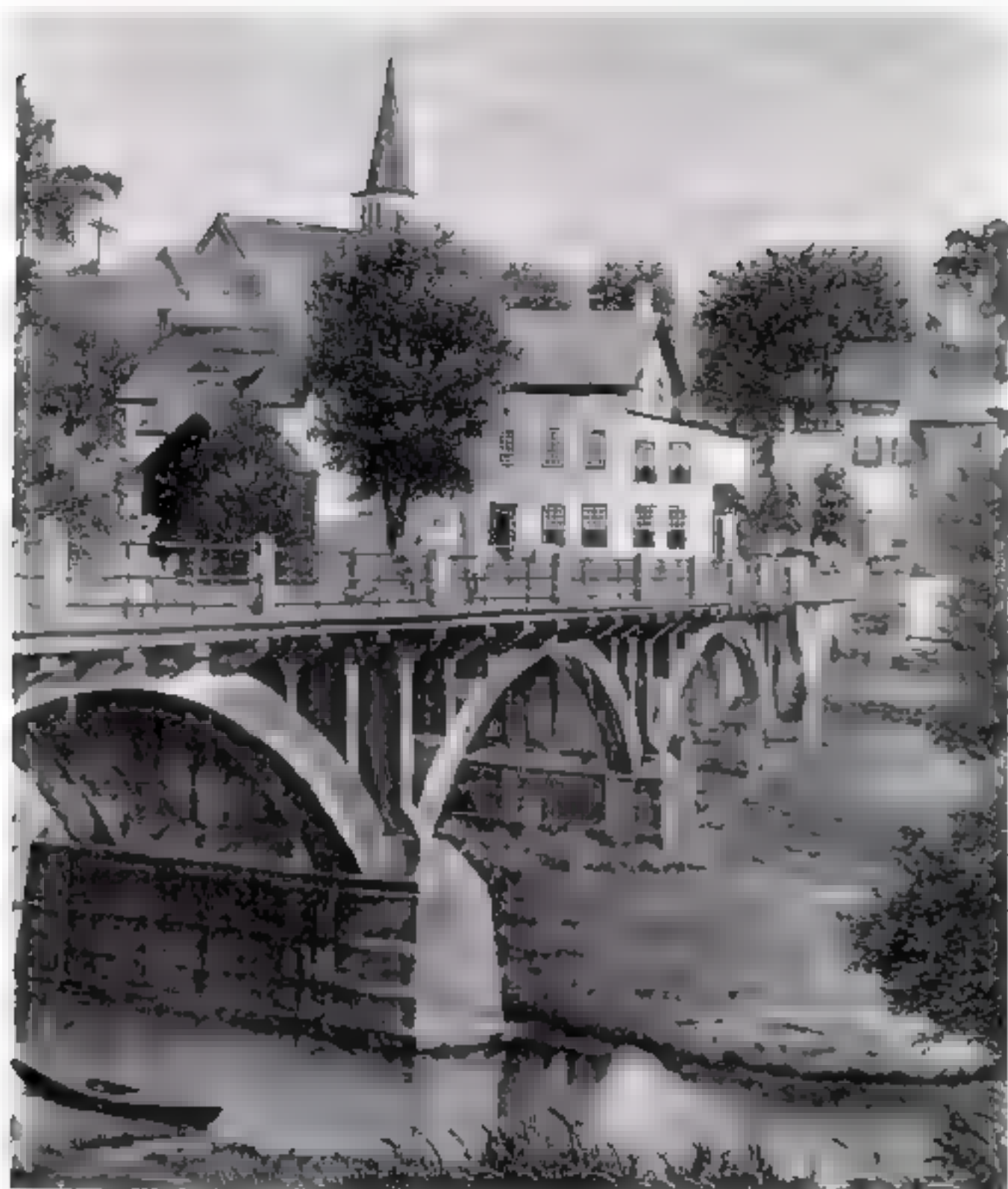
"Deserted House" is an American landmark typical of almost every part of the country. This example stood in Wilton, Conn. where Thomas painted it because he was struck by its weather-beaten colors harmonizing with its yardful of weeds. Says Thomas: "One morning

while painting I was surprised when a goat poked his head through a window. I discovered a herd of goats lived in the house. They made a terrific clatter running up and down stairs, and sometimes on the tin roof." Picture belongs to Mrs. Esmond Shaw of Rye, N. Y.



"Pastime Bowling Alley" shows how Byron Thomas, with his relish for Americana, can take a subject most artists would overlook, stylize it to some extent (note border of red tables and blue menus in front) and yet retain its human interest. Of this alley in New York where

he often bowled, Thomas says: "I set my easel on the spot, worked days as well as nights when the whole place buzzed with life and a terrific noisy clutter." Painting was bought with funds provided by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. for New York's Museum of Modern Art.



"Summer," painted by Byron Thomas last season in New Hope, Pa., shows a bridge crossing a stream that joins the Delaware. Stationed at back window of "Ed's Book and Record Shop," Thomas painted to music of Beethoven and *Ballad for Americans*.



"Hotel" was painted in Frenchtown, N. J., where Thomas spent several summers on this porch talking baseball or Proust to the guests according to their tastes. He put them all into the picture, including Nellie, the cleaning woman, on center balcony.



"New Castle," shows a head-on view of three pre-Revolutionary houses at New Castle, Del. Thomas catches the peculiar awkwardness and grace of this early architecture, stresses its sturdy forthrightness which is a characteristic of Thomas himself.

Is soap to blame if your *Skin Isn't "Peaches and Cream"?*



**Your skin may be sensitive to one certain soap, yet
Cashmere Bouquet Soap may prove mild and agreeable**

It's one of the mysteries of the human skin, that a perfectly good soap can prove irritating to certain complexions. In fact, one woman out of two reports that difficulty.

And yet these same women may find Cashmere Bouquet Soap entirely agreeable to a sensitive skin. In fact, three generations of lovely women have relied on this mild soap for complexion care.

And because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over . . . and to be glamorously scented with the fragrance men love . . . you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too.

Get three luxurious cakes of mild, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

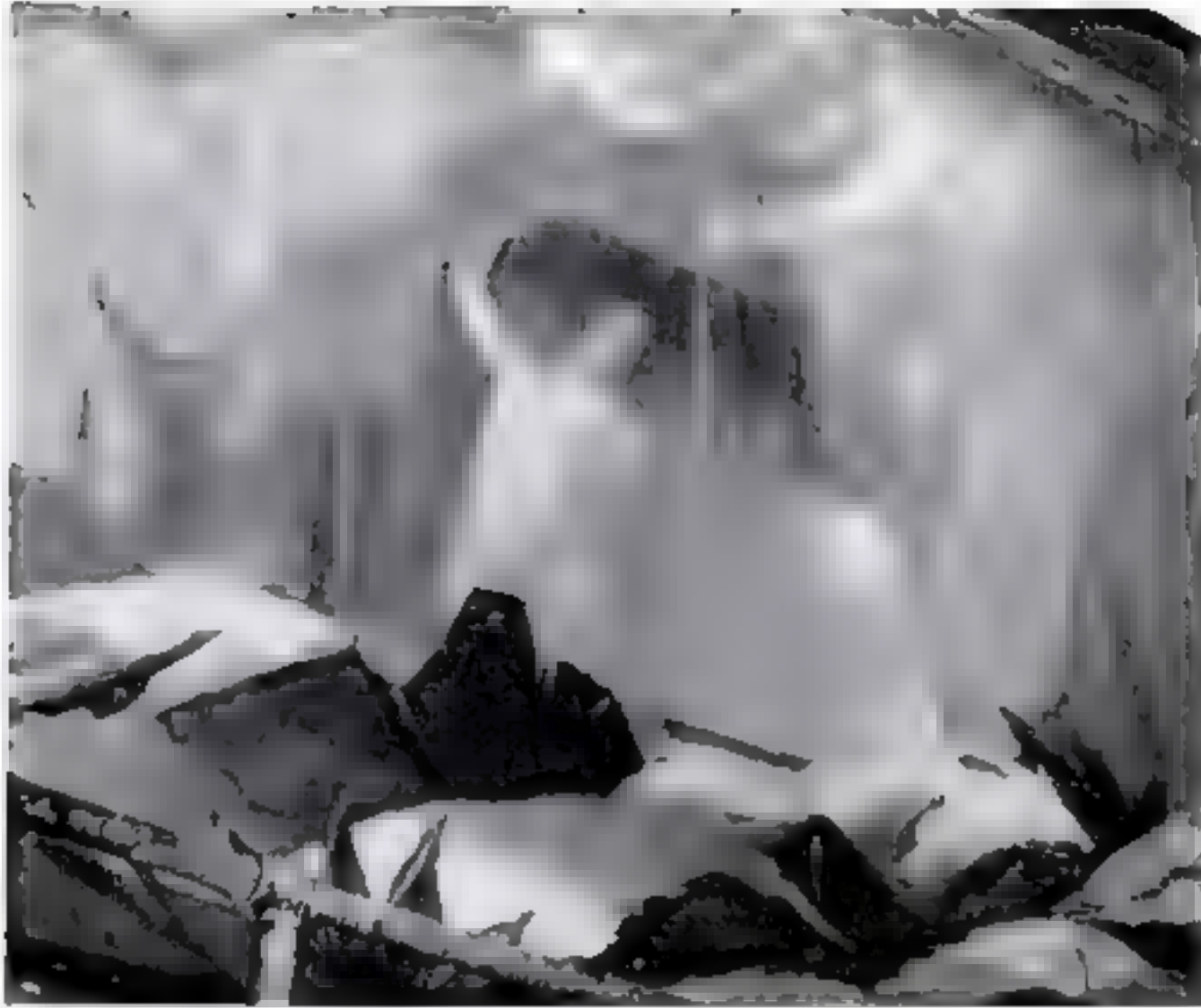


WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



NIGHT CLUB

15,000 jitterbugs run wild as
the world's biggest dance hall
opens in New York sports arena



HIGH ABOVE BANDSTAND ADELE HALL DISROBES BEHIND A WATERFALL

NEW YORK GETS BIGGEST JIVE JOINT

A lot for the money is what more than 80,000 jitterbugs and swing fans have found in New York's mammoth dance hall since it opened in Madison Square Garden a fortnight ago. Admission is 60¢ on week nights, 88¢ on Saturday and Sunday. Soldiers and sailors can bring girls free, and you can get a champagne cocktail for 25¢. The music, by such band leaders as Benny Goodman, Larry Clinton and Charlie Barnet, at any price is good.

Converting the famous sports arena into a palm grove was the brainwave of ex-Press Agent Monte Proser who, as owner of New York's new *Copacabana* and the *Beachcomber*, has suddenly become a night-club impresario. Against the advice of more experienced showmen, Proser leased the Garden for 100 days at \$1,000 a day, needs to lure 30,000 customers weekly to meet expenses. His gamble is likely to succeed because, like a county fair, Proser's Dance Carnival offers all kinds of people all kinds of fun. Jive addicts have plenty of room to dance, swing fans can sit under beach umbrellas and listen, others can climb into the sidelines and watch a strip tease behind a waterfall (above) that looks as cool as a sprig of mint in a highball.



HERE IS ADELE BEHIND HER WATERFALL. SHE DROPS NET AND RUNS AWAY

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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NEW*
has been added!



TRY today's Old Gold—a cigarette that has a new delightful flavor—a fresh fragrance—now that something new has been added! It's a rare imported tobacco—aged and mellow—and it gives you keener pleasure, more enjoyment, every time you smoke! Get a pack of new Old Golds today!

*NEW... prized Eastern Mediterranean tobacco whose small heart-shaped leaves make Old Gold's famous blend even more pleasant. Substantial supplies now aging in our American warehouses assure you of these finer Old Golds for years to come.

All the Old Golds your dealer has now are NEW Old Golds. Same familiar pack.

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America's oldest tobacco merchants. Established 1760.

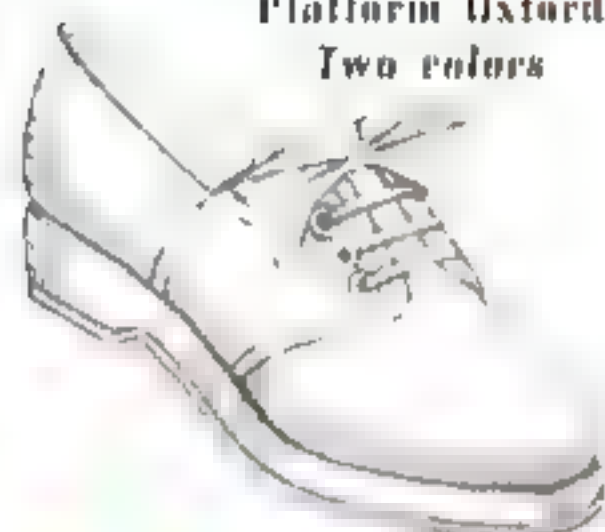
Dutchboy Sahot
Four colors



Strap Espadrille
Seven colors



Platform Oxford
Two colors



Open-toe Oxford
Seven colors



Kedettes

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Dutchboy Loop Sandal
Eight colors



Summer's moods are reflected in charming casual clothes and the cool Kedettes worn with them. Bright-colored cottons and lightweight rubber soles make Kedettes as washable as they are wearable. They are not Kedettes unless the name is in the shoes. At better stores. 2.00—3.50

Plied Cork Sandal
Six colors



Dutchboy Sandal
Six colors



United States Rubber Company • Rockefeller Center, New York



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"To me you will never grow old."

This is the promise men in love have made throughout the ages; the promise the women they have made their wives like most to hear.

Of all the promises of loving youth, it is the one most often realized. No silver in her hair —

fading rose of cheek—or wrinkle sees the happy husband. But always with the eyes of the young lover, the roseate image of the girl he married.

His engagement diamond is his symbol of this constant image.

Age cannot dull its brilliant flame or stale its

infinite ever-changing splendor. Undimmed, it shines anew

each day throughout the days they spend together.

It will cost less than he supposes to find a diamond worthy of his

pledge and vision. With the advice of an experienced

jeweler, he may choose like the expert, who values fine color,

purity of cut and absence of imperfection as much as


carat weight. Many exceptional diamonds are now available.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.



PAINTING BY SUSANNE EISENDIECK, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.

ONE-HALF CARAT, PRICED  BETWEEN \$100 AND \$250

ONE CARAT, PRICED BETWEEN  \$325 AND \$600

TWO-CARAT STONES, GENERALLY PRICED  FROM \$600 TO \$2000

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THE KEY TO SAFETY

Martin Berger

Royal Master owners believe in National Defense...



A

DEFENSE AGAINST SKIDS! The instant brakes are applied Royal Master's seven ribs break into individual, tilted tread blocks (A to B) wherever they touch the road. Note (B) how blocks cut through the film of water, dust, oil to grip the road. This active tread—a moving, working safety device—controls skids, stops you quicker.



B



C

DEFENSE AGAINST BLOWOUTS! On a curve at high speed (C) outside tires may carry double their normal load, throwing terrific strain on the cord body. With Safety Bonding (D) each cord is treated in pure latex before the plies are cushioned in heat-resisting rubber. This doubly protects against blowouts due to heat, impact or speed.



D



E

DEFENSE AGAINST WEAR! The thick, long-wearing tread of Tempered Rubber (E) now has been improved with a special compound to give it greater resistance to destructive heat and even more mileage. When the tread is half worn, any U. S. Dealer will regroove it (F) restoring the rib-depth ... nearly doubling the non-skid wear.



PROTECT other people's children, too. "It was raining hard ... A little boy ran directly in front of me. I jammed on the brakes and Royal Masters did the rest—stopped me just in time," says a thankful driver.



SMART to buy. "Each of my three sets of Royal Masters gave me more mileage than any regular tires I've ever used. They've certainly paid me for the slight extra cost," says a business executive.



HOW TO SAVE RUBBER, a vital defense material, is told in this **FREE** book of tire facts—how to save 20% of your tire mileage; how to double your non-skid mileage; things you should know in buying new tires—facts that will help you save rubber and prevent accidents, too. Get your **FREE** copy at your U. S. Dealer's or write to U. S. Rubber Co.



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SEVENTY-ONE CHINESE CHILDREN FACE LIFE'S CAMERA AND THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA WHOSE MONEY HELPS KEEP THEM ALIVE IN THEIR "WARPHANAGE" IN CHUNGKING

CHINA RELIEF

U. S. OPENS PURSE

Some brave day the children of China will remember with pride the years of the fight for their liberty. They will remember, of course, only if their liberty is saved and if they are saved too. The job of saving their liberty is in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers and the Chinese civilians who patiently rebuild where the bombers destroy. The job of saving the children and the people of China rests heavily now in the hands of Americans.

It is very possible that the 71 children above will actually look at this picture by Margaret Bourke-White and marvel at seeing themselves mirrored in the paper page. They may marvel too that strangers in queer-sounding places like South Bend and Waterbury and Milwaukee should be so eager to help the far off Chinese people. Right now United China

Relief, a central U. S. organization for eight Chinese aid societies, is out to raise \$5,000,000. It will be used to feed, nurse, comfort and rebuild a battered, wounded but still living country. Money goes a long way in China. Twenty American dollars will keep a homeless Chinese refugee alive for a year. Five dollars will disinfect 250 Chinese wounds. One dollar will buy ether for 15 operations or tannic acid for 2,000 burns or immunization from typhoid or cholera or plague for 50 people.

There are many practical reasons why a democracy like the U. S. should try to help a democracy like China, why the U. S. should help a country which is fighting potential U. S. enemies. Somehow the practical reasons seem pale beside the need for saving China some of the epic pain she is suffering.



CHUNGKING KIDS PLAY "BOMBER"

Some United China Relief money goes to "warphan" ages, which Min Chiang Kai shek has set up. Kids in a Chungking home play a game called "Bomber." They start out *(top)* pointing up and singing "The bombers are coming." Tune sounds like *Ding Dong Bell*. Then they put hands over ears *(middle)* and

chant "Oom, Oom, Oom" which is the noise of the planes. Suddenly they squat, hide their shaven heads and mumble "So you have to crawl down low." This is all make-believe. But the children also see and hear real bombers and they know sometimes it is not just a game when they have to crouch down low.



One day Mme Chiang Kai shek wrote a letter to the children of America telling them about the needs of China's children. In the Bradwell school in Chicago, 8-year-old Gerard Darrow, most precocious of radio "Quiz Kids," read a reply to the Chinese lady. His classmates' reactions, as their faces show, were

somewhat mixed. "When a plane flies over our houses here," said Master Darrow, "it's just a friendly thing. We have a chance to show the Chinese children that they're not alone in the world if we send money that just kind of gets spent without buying us something we really need or even have fun out of."

CHICAGO KIDS ANSWER A PLEA



SEVEN HUNDRED FIFTY PEOPLE OF SOUTH BEND, IND. DINE AT INDIANA CLUB AND LISTEN TO U. C. R. SPEAKERS. THEY ATE WATERMELON SEEDS, CHOW MEIN AND ICE CREAM

SOUTH BEND CAMPAIGNS AND CHINATOWN HELPS

The travelers who return from Chungking are always emphasizing how much America's support means to Free China. If the weary Chinese people did not feel that America stood behind them, they might have come to terms months ago with the weary Japanese. To keep this fact right before American eyes, United China Relief sends speakers out on the road talking at luncheons, dinners, women's clubs, college commencements.

A few weeks ago, 750 citizens of South Bend sat down to eat a Chinese dinner in the Indiana Club and hear speeches by the Chinese Consul General, Chang-lok Chen, and by Author Louis Bromfield. The food for the dinner was prepared by South Bend's tiny Chinese colony of 30 people. When the officials went to pay the Chinese for the food, the Chinese said they would not take any money. They were very polite about it. Though the officials insisted, though they said food for 750 people was too heavy an expense for so few people to bear, the Chinese colony still said that they would not take any money for the food. So the lively South Bend United China Relief Committee, whose head is Studebaker President Paul Hoffman, promptly added \$1,500 to the \$16,000 it had already raised.

U. C. R.'s speakers have a terrible and dramatic story to tell—of 50,000,000 Chinese who fled hundreds of harassed miles into the back country of China so that they could still live in a free China, of the 55,000 college students who left their comfortable coastal colleges for the schools which are springing up around Chungking, of the 4,000,000 Chinese who have already died, of the sickening spread of malaria all over the country, of the surgeons who have hardened themselves to operating without anesthetics. But they always come back to the simple fact that, in China, the help America sends is a token of friendship which the Chinese hold for Americans and which they hope the Americans hold for them.



Chopsticks are pure propaganda as used by United China Relief. At South Bend dinner a pretty Chinese girl tried to show Mayor Jesse Pavey how to use these Oriental implements. U. C. R. finds that learning to use chopsticks makes Americans feel closer and more sympathetic to Chinese.



Yan Chinn of Seattle is one of the thousands of U. S. Chinese shopkeepers, laundrymen, chop suey-palace owners who have been collecting money for China for four years. The trickle of

pennies, nickels and dimes dropped into boxes on their counters and the money they have given has sent about \$30,000,000 to China. Yan Chinn, a good Presbyterian, came to America

in the 1880's and heard Benjamin Harrison deliver a speech in his 1891 campaign. He makes modest living selling Chinese foods and curios in a booth in the Pike Place Public market.



National Chairman of U. C. R. is James G. Blaine, grandson of Maine's statesman, and chairman of Marine Midland bank. He helps direct city chairmen (shown at right). Above: he discusses campaign with Actress K. T. Stevens, who does her bit by modeling Chinese dresses.

BUSY U. S. BUSINESSMEN



CLEVELAND: LAWYER THOMAS L. SIDLO



NEW YORK: ADMAN RAYMOND RUBICAM



WATERBURY: PUBLISHER WILLIAM PAPE



LOS ANGELES: NEWSMAN MANCHESTER BODDY



Chinese children collect for China on the streets of New York, jingling their tin cans to attract attention and collect change for 2,000,000 Chinese orphans. One man was so taken by the little Chinese collector that he went home and sent \$500 to China Relief in the little girl's name.



Wendell Willkie spoke for China at a New York City parade in which 4,000 Chinese were reviewed by him and by Governor Herbert Lehman (at Willkie's left). *Pièce de résistance* of parade was block-long dragon. But unhappily the wind blew it apart, only the head survived.

DIRECT LOCAL CAMPAIGNS



SOUTH BEND: AUTO MAKER PAUL HOFFMAN



BALGAS CHAIRMAN: BARKER NATHAN KOHN



CHICAGO: MAIL-ORDER MAN ROBERT THORNE



SAN FRANCISCO: EDITOR PAUL J. SMITH



Chinese Ambassador tours for China to meet and persuade the American people. Dr. Hu Shih (Cornell '14) traveled to Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill. to get an honorary degree, deliver commencement address and talk things over with American college students, as above.



Hollywood chairman is Movie Producer David Selznick, here sitting beneath painting of himself as Rhett Butler. Selznick rounds up movie help (below), got high-powered press agent, Russell Birdwell, to thank up "angles" for U. C. R. K. T. Stevens (opposite, is Birdwell angle.



Claudette Colbert broadcast for China. She read Mme Chiang Kai-shek's appeal to American children. Then Shirley Temple asked American kids to send nickels and dimes "to me, Claudette Colbert, Tyrone Power or your favorite movie star at Box 1,000, Hollywood."



A genuine Chinese junk, the *Amoy*, sailed up to the River Club dock. The party was supposed to go sailing on it. But it rained heavily and the costumed guests remained inside.

RICH FOLK DRESS UP FOR A CHINESE PARTY

The people at United China Relief are often moved and impressed that so many Americans, plain and fancy, should take time out to help such a distant land as China. U. C. R. counts more heavily on the interest of plain people than on the contribution of rich ones. But moneyed folk are very helpful.

In early June, a group of important people dressed up in authentic Chinese costumes and went to a party Chairman Blaine gave for China at New York City's River Club. Rockefellers, Lamonts, Morgans, Roosevelts gathered there, displayed their own getups and admired each others', tossed darts at balloons on a board, and watched a Bourbon Prince balance a lighted candle on his head. Dean of the party was Mrs. Dwight Morrow who had the biggest headdress and wore the costume of a Chung Dynasty lady in waiting. It was all very pleasant and warming. But it might have been almost disastrous if somebody had not discovered—and corrected just before the guests came—the mistake of the earnest but confused decorator who had hung the room with, of all things, Japanese lanterns.



Chinese entertainers cavorted for guests' pleasure. Seated at the left is International Business Machines' President Thomas J. Watson. Seated at the right is Vincent Astor.



Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co. proved himself pretty good at dart throwing. He came correctly dressed as a court official of the Chung dynasty, complete with queue, but wore the wrong kind of hat.



Edith Willkie wore man's robe with a dragon on it. That was a mistake. She should have had lady's robe with a phoenix. She was a poor dart thrower. John D. Rockefeller III (below) was much better.





**MRS. MORROW AND JOHN
D. ROCKEFELLER III DRESS
AS 18TH CENTURY CHINESE**

FOR THE RECORD



BRITISH SCOOP 109 SURVIVORS OF "BISMARCK" OUT OF THE SEA

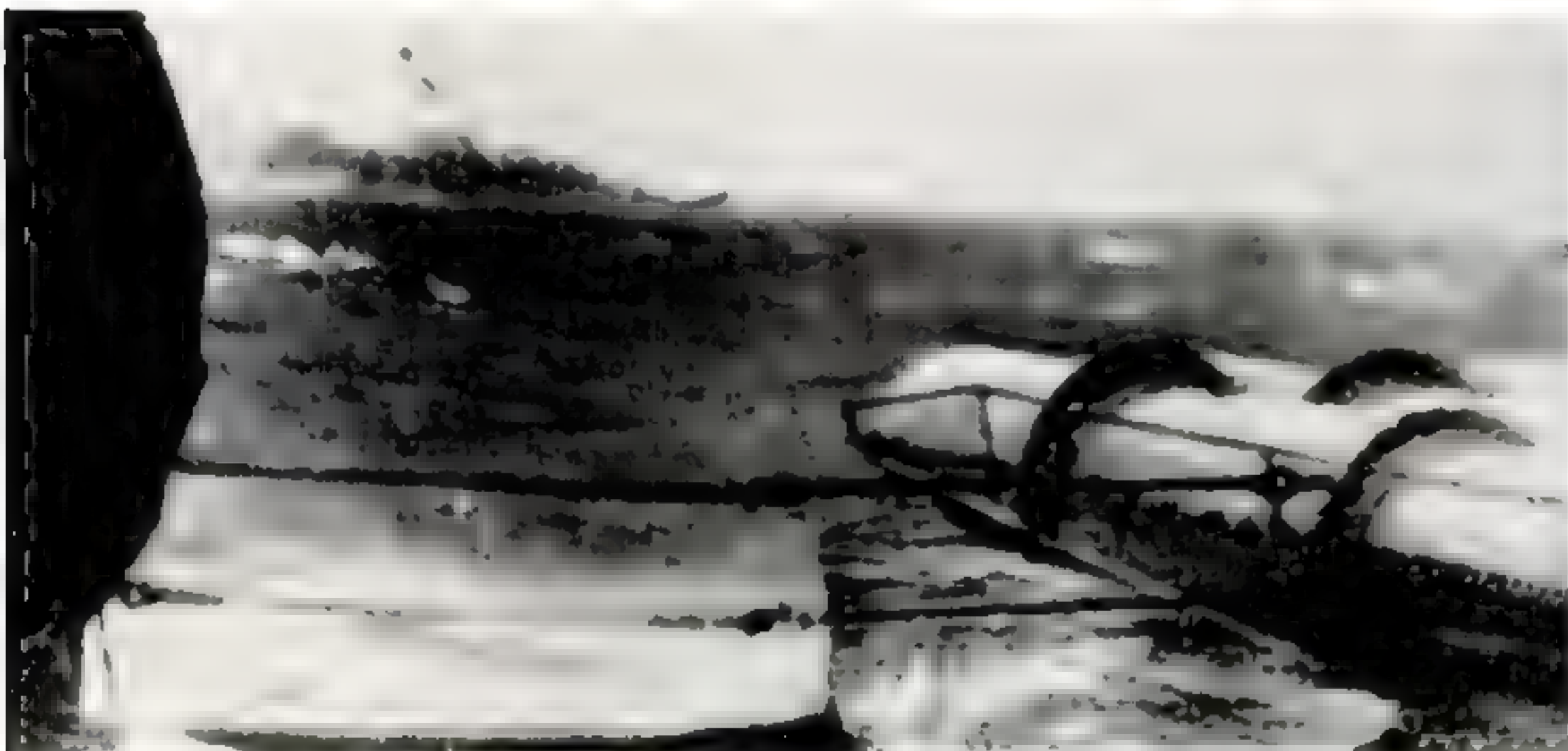
The struggling mass of half-drowned men in the picture on the opposite page are a good part of the 109 Nazi sailors who were saved when the *Bismarck* sank with 2,400 hands on May 27 (*directly below*). The survivors are clinging to rafts and ropes thrown over the side of the British heavy cruiser *Dorsetshire* from whose deck the picture was taken. Many of the men are stokers, blown clear of the *Bismarck* as she turned turtle and sank within 15 seconds in a great rush of compressed air. Some of them were punch drunk from the noise of the battle. Others swallowed so much sea water that they vomited white froth.

A short time after the picture was taken the *Dorsetshire* and the rest of the British Fleet received word that German planes and submarines were in the vicinity. As a result the British ships were forced to end their work of rescue and steam away, leaving some of the men shown in the picture opposite and hundreds of those still swimming around in the choppy sea to drown (*below, bottom*). As she pulled away, the *Dorsetshire* dropped rafts behind.

Aboard the *Dorsetshire* the survivors played the ship's piano and sang the *Blue Danube*. All were amazed at the amount of food—soup, bread, vegetables, pudding—that the British gave them to eat.



WOUNDED NAZI IS CARRIED ASHORE IN UNDERWEAR



FLAMING "BISMARCK" SINKS BY STERN TWO MILES FROM "DORSETSHIRE" WHICH FIRED FINAL TORPEDOES INTO BATTLESHIP



SURVIVORS, SUPPORTED ONLY BY LIFEBELTS, FILL SEA. "BISMARCK" LAUNCHED NO RAFTS. GUNS AT LEFT ARE "DORSETSHIRE'S"

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CONTINUED FROM P. 26

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM"

and dressed the wounded—so conscientiously, in fact, that when the last boat pulled away, half a dozen of them, together with Captain Smith, Chief Engineer Burns, the First Officer and 4-year-old Elaine Morrill, daughter of a missionary, who had somehow got separated from her parents, were left on the *Zamzam*.

Within half an hour after the shelling all the boats were down and milling around the *Zamzam*. The sea, except for a prolonged, easy swell, was calm. As our boat moved away I saw, with a sick feeling in the stomach, that dead astern of the *Zamzam* the sea was full of bobbing heads. Two lifeboats, riddled with shell splinters, had filled almost as soon as they hit the water.

After I had entirely forgotten about the Germans and was bitterly weighing the chances of this ragged flotilla ever reaching land, the raider surged around the *Zamzam's* stern, moving cautiously, as if she feared a trap. Lines snaked over the side as she approached, but instead of securing them to the boat so that it could be pulled to the ladder as the Germans intended, the Egyptians tried to climb up hand over hand. The lines were torn loose and thrown forth again, with an angry command to make them fast. Again the Egyptians tried to save themselves. Afterwards, a German officer told us they were about to shoot them off the lines when two motorboats, which had been lowered on the other side, came around the stern and picked up the people in the water.

The raider stopped just below the line of boats, which were strung out about a quarter of a mile apart, and a voice in English bellowed at us through a megaphone, "Come alongside, please. We are taking you aboard." I had a good look at her then. She was about 8,000 tons, with a raised fore-castle and a well deck aft. The hull was black, the housing and trim gray. As our boat came around the stern I saw her name—*Tamisis* (Thames) and underneath it the port: Tønsberg. By that time only a stern gun, which we guessed to be a 6-inch, was visible. The others, during the half hour the raider lay watching us abandon ship, had been carefully concealed behind false work or lowered by hidden elevators below deck. Sailors and marines in tropical whites and armed with rifles lined the rails.

Germans at war waste no time on ceremony. As each boat pulled alongside the vertical ladder, we were ordered roughly but politely to come up and German sailors jumped down to help the women and children. Stretchers were lowered for the wounded. The small children went up in hemp baskets crying miserably.

We are taken aboard the Nazi raider

It was then hardly 7 o'clock, an hour after the shelling. As we came on the raider's deck marines directed us to a companionway leading up to the midship hatch. There other marines told us to wait. From the hatch we could see the German motorboats loaded with marines pulling over to the *Zamzam*. An officer went bounding up the ladder, disappeared and then we saw his white uniformed figure dashing up the bridge ladder.

Captain Smith stood waiting grimly, having just tossed his ship's papers and Admiralty code overboard. "May I look at your papers?" the officer asked politely. "Go ahead," said Smith. The German paused. "I presume you have already disposed of them?" "Yes, those that I had." The German smiled, "I expected that." Nevertheless two marines gave the chartroom and the Captain's quarters a thorough going-over and triumphantly produced a code message picked up

On the "Dresden" 117 men lived under hatch No. 1 (below), ate rice and macaroni from porcelain bowls, drank from tin cups, slept on cotton-filled bags in area 51 ft. square. Egyptian crew in hatch No. 3 remained on starboard side of deck, passengers on port.



from the Admiralty broadcast which Smith at the last instant had tried to hide under a blotter. It was on this that the Germans based their argument that the *Zamzam* was sailing under Admiralty orders.

Meanwhile, another group of marines had rounded up the ambulance drivers and little Elaine Morrill who had been left behind by the *Zamzam's* lifeboats. The men were given half an hour to pack their belongings. The German sailors made a stretcher and lowered Dr. Starling, who was gasping and weak from loss of blood. Within a few minutes all these others were brought aboard the *Tamessis*. Captain Smith, flanked by two German marines, went up the ladder to meet the raider captain. He was in crisp uniform whites but I noticed that the cuff of his blue-and-white pajamas showed.

I had burned my hands coming down the rope to the *Zamzam* lifeboat. One of the German sailors, evidently charged with helping the wounded, took me to the hospital below deck. While I was waiting, I saw the German doctor, a competent, brisk young man, Georg Reil, operate on Laughinghouse. I must say that, so far as attending the wounded was concerned, the Germans were sympathetic and efficient. Within an hour the three most seriously hurt had been operated on.

All that morning we milled around the hatch. The crew had been herded aft and we had no contact with them. The sun blazed down and hungry children whimpered until the women were offered the shelter of the lower deck. All the while, two motorboats shuttled back and forth carrying stuff to the raider from the *Zamzam* which was abeam, listing heavily to port and looking strangely tranquil. This was looting—extremely efficient looting. An endless chain of German sailors passed the hatch, shouldering boxes of provisions, cigars, radios, phonographs, suitcases, even a child's tricycle. Every now and then an excited, jubilant cry would come from one of the passengers as he or she recognized a prized belonging.

Nobody told us anything. We just sat and watched—bumming cigars from the far-sighted ones who had crammed extra packages into their pockets. That noon, volunteers brought food in metal bowls from the galley—a thick soup, together with lime juice.

Just before 2 o'clock the last motorboat pulled away from the *Zamzam*. Lieutenant Mohr, the tall, thin aide-de-camp to the raider's captain who had spent some time in the U. S. and spoke precise English, appeared and told us that the *Zamzam* was about to be blown up. The raider moved slightly away. Mohr invited Scherman to take photographs, even showing him the best place to stand. "Sometimes they die quite gracefully and always they are different," remarked Lieutenant Mohr.

A little after 2 o'clock, three time bombs went off in quick succession in the *Zamzam's* holds. She shook violently, water gushed up in fountains through her ventilators and in a few minutes her decks were awash. As she rolled over on her side, the tall stack, breaking away where the shell had hit, bobbed up for a minute. Captain Smith, watching his last command slip into the sea, turned to the Chief Engineer and said: "She took it gracefully, didn't she?" Except for a little pile of litter and debris, there was nothing to show where this 8,300-ton ship with a cargo valued at \$3,000,000 had been. She was gone in ten minutes.

Soon thereafter the *Tamessis* was under way, gathering speed rapidly and heading south. That afternoon Lieutenant Mohr asked Captain Smith to choose three or four representative passengers whom Captain Rogge of the *Tamessis* could interview. I was one thus chosen. We were taken to the topside and ushered into a beautiful little room with a handsome table, upholstered settee, and hung with gay chintz curtains. Captain Rogge stood up and shook hands with us. He was a tall, strongly built, handsome man in the middle 40's with wide-spaced eyes and beautiful manners. He was, I learned

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Recreation was backgammon (below), whittling, reading, cribbage or just talking. On rope coil above is Roger Evrall, Britisher brought to Bordeaux and now in German concentration camp. Another Britisher is Dr Leslie Newman (band to mouth), watching



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It grew bitterly cold and rough as the *Dresden* ran out its northing to the 43rd parallel. Above: Lutheran Missionary V. Eugene Johnson huddles his baby, David, to him for warmth on the cover of hatch 4 while his older son Victor sits by. Inured to hardship,

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

later, a full captain in the German Navy. He apologized for the sinking and then outlined the German justification—the fact that the *Zamzam* was running without lights, in radio silence and operating under Admiralty direction. "I am sorry this had to happen," said Captain Rogge. "I can only tell you that we shall do everything in our power to put you safely ashore but you must remember that this is war and in traveling on the ocean you have assumed many risks."

That night we were herded into the bowels of the ship three decks down, under the crew's quarters, wolfed a supper of soup, black bread and tea. I was surprised to find that there were over 200 bunks ready there for prisoners. The No Smoking warnings on the wall were in English. Women and men shared the same bathroom. Some of the women suffering from shock moaned through the night and the little children cried incessantly. Overhead we could hear the German sailors lustily singing their war songs. The raider's powerful Diesels throbbed steadily. At midnight we had a near-panic. Bells started ringing loudly. We could hear the pound of heavy boots as sailors ran to their stations. The guard slammed shut the door leading to our only escape. Frightened ones among us struggled into lifebelts. In a little while a guard who spoke English came back and said: "It is nothing. We have met the other ship and you will be transferred in the morning."

Next morning when we were allowed on deck we had our first glimpse of the vessel that was to be our prison ship. She lay astern, riding on a cable from the *Tamessis*. She was riding rather high in the water and I noticed that her bottom was fouled. She had a gun aft which two days after we boarded her mysteriously disappeared. They started transferring us and the baggage after lunch. We were told Vicovari, Laughinghouse and Starling were too dangerously hurt to be moved to a ship having no hospital accommodation. I went down to see them for what I thought was the last time. Vicovari and Starling, though weak and in great pain, were both conscious but Laughinghouse was delirious. He lay in the same blood-soaked dressing gown in which he had been carried aboard.

On my way to the other ship I noticed the block letters *Dresden* had been painted out on her bow. Captain Smith, alongside me, said he knew her. She was a North German Lloyd ship, plying the west coast trade of South America.

In time we came to know a good deal about the two ships that played such dramatic roles in our lives. The *Tamessis* was probably only a working name for the raider to be discarded the instant it became well known. Her bell bore the name *Tirana 1938*. This ship had been at sea for at least 17 months during which time she, or a raider acting in concert with her, had engaged and damaged the heavily armed British merchantmen *Carnarvon Castle*, the *Alcantara* and sunk the *Voltaire*. An empty wooden box in the room where we slept had "Sydney, Australia," marked on it. There were English books from the British Seafarer's Educational Library—one of them with the name of *Gullpool*, a ship Captain Smith knew.

She was a trim ship, beautifully kept up despite her long spell at



most of the missionaries behaved admirably during the shelling of the *Zamzam*, took the rigor and boredom of prison life in their stride. Men and women held separate religious services daily and joint services each Sunday. Priests held mass early each morning

sea. She carried a crew of several hundred picked men. Their average age was 24; many were 19 and 20. They wore old German Navy belts with *Gott Mit Uns* on the buckle. Captain Smith thought she had at least one gun forward, which was run up and down in an elevator, and perhaps two guns on the side hidden behind movable partitions. We noticed scores of canisters racked on both her sides, evidently for 75- and 155-mm. guns. One of the officers said she also carried torpedo tubes.

The *Dresden* was also a new ship, built in 1937. She lay at Santos, Brazil, until March 28 when she put to sea with a cargo of lumber, oats and cotton for Germany. It also included oil for the raider. The two German vessels met by prearrangement after the *Zamzam* kill.

Captain Jager, a barrel-chested, bowlegged, powerful man in his middle 40's, was waiting for us as we came aboard the *Dresden* which was to be our jail for the next 33 days. The women and children were herded onto the passenger deck; the men together with the Egyptian crew were herded onto the forward well deck. An officer who spoke English told us that the passengers and the officers would from now on live in No. 2 hatch and the crew in No. 3. There was a thin wooden partition between. No preparation had been made to receive us. We were handed cotton sacks and told to fill them for mattresses with raw cotton, bales of which were on deck. In the late afternoon when we were only half way through this task a hoarse command came from the bridge. "Everyone below." Marines with potato-masher grenades stuck in their belts, side arms and bayonets, herded us below. It was terribly hot and stuffy and, huddled in that dusty hatch with only two unshaded bulbs for illumination, we realized for the first time what we were up against. The hatch covers were closed and we brooded for at least an hour. When we were again ordered on deck the *Tamias* was seven or eight miles away, moving swiftly into the sunset.

Lights out in "Dresden's" hatch No. 2

A big-bellied man whom we later came to know as the purser came out with an enamel bowl, aluminum cup and a spoon for every man. We lined up for supper—a rice soup, two pieces of sour bread and tea. We had scarcely downed this when at 5:20 o'clock we were again pushed below. The hatch covers were shut and the two lights were turned out before we had even staked out places to lay our makeshift mattresses. There was only one exit—a wooden staircase—and that, with the hatch covers down, was closed off. Two big galvanized iron buckets were passed down to serve as toilets during the night and these were placed near the foot of the stairway. The deck throbbed under us—the *Dresden* was under way herself.

Somehow we found shallow sleep that night and next morning at 7:30 the guards lifted the hatch covers and told us to come on deck. None of us had towels or soap or clothes to change to. For breakfast we were again lined up and received our first introduction to what we thereafter knew as "billboard paste," a weak, tasteless, floury solution.

While I was washing my face in salt water at the stand pipe Cap-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Beckhoff



Mary Jr: Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.

Mary Sr: Obviously, darling! But why didn't you ask to use my perfume?



Mary Jr: I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: "Fatal Evening"! I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's got to have a little appeal—or something.



Mary Sr: You don't know how right you are! And the "something" you need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little "pep appeal" will do more for you than all the perfumes in the world!



Mary Sr: And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all*, you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, B₁ and D.

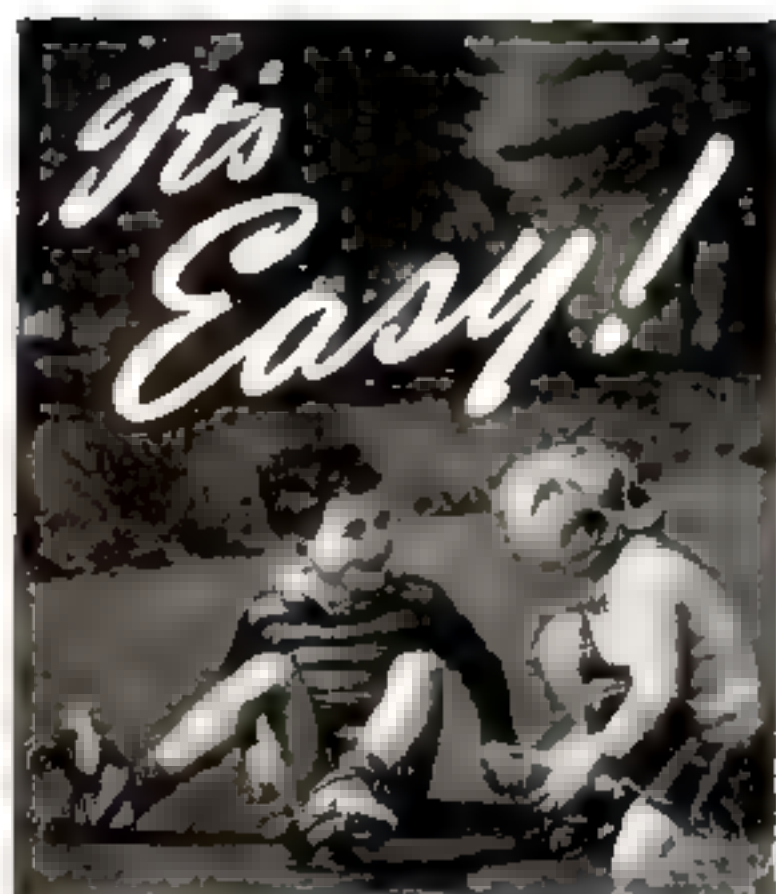
Mary Jr: Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

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Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/3 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

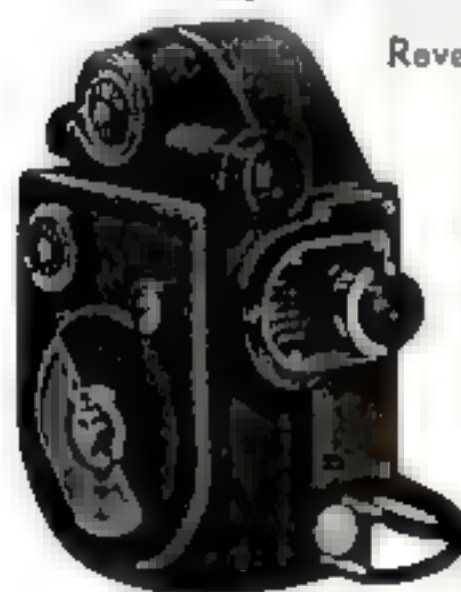
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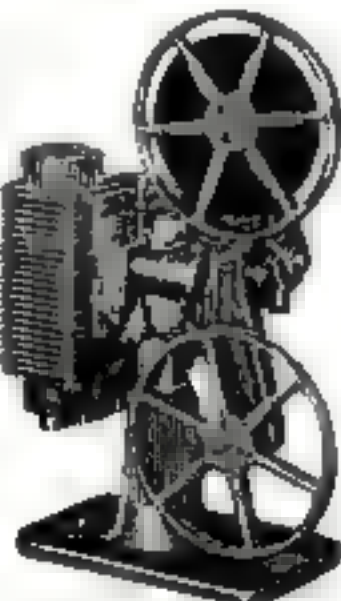
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Ambulance Driver Henry Emsheimer, from New York, plays chess on afterdeck with Edward Stock, *Dresden* carpenter from Breslau. Carpenter Stock would not tell how long it took to grow his beard for fear of giving away *Dresden's* total elapsed time at sea.

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

tain Jäger bellowed from the bridge to come up. Introducing himself, he apologized—they were always doing that—for the inconvenience they had caused us. "This may be a long voyage," he said, "and you will be obliged to do a great many things for yourself. I have neither food nor quarters to support nearly 400 people including my own crew comfortably. You must expect some hardship but I promise you we will do everything we can."

In a little while he himself appeared on deck and from the hatch cover he warned us: "I will stand for no monkey tricks from behind." His crew totaled barely 60 and with nearly 230 male prisoners aboard his fear was evident that we might try to take the ship. "My orders are not to fight this ship or try to run away if an English warship should intercept us. That is for your protection. I shall let you off first in boats and when you are safely away I shall scuttle this ship. I have enough bombs already placed to sink her in two minutes. I have plenty of rifles and machine guns and grenades also. Remember that if you have any funny ideas."

We needed clothing desperately and we were finally allowed—the women with children first, then the married and single women, and finally the men—into the hatch aft where the baggage had been piled. It was astonishing how much the raider crew had carted off the *Zamzam*. The trunks and suitcases covered the deck and it took so long for the first groups to find and sort their luggage that it was four days before the last man had a turn at his. A few people saved nearly everything. Others saved nothing but what was on their backs. The more fortunate ones shared their extra clothing with the rest. The purser and one of the marines stood by watching as we opened our bags. All liquor was confiscated—"this could make for trouble." So were all flashlights, matches, cigaret lighters—"with these it would be possible to signal a passing ship in the night."

From April 18 to 26 the *Dresden* simply mulled around in profitless circles. The realization dawned on us that she was waiting, in attendance, on the raider. As best we could, we tried to create an existence of our own. An executive committee was set up. Captain Smith was chosen chairman ex officio but, because he was a prisoner of war, I was to act as functioning head. The great need was to provide the basic tools for cleanliness. We built a privy on the port bulkhead, a mess table, benches, shelves for below deck, an altar for the Catholic priest and finally a shower bath. The ambulance drivers took charge of all deck duty. They washed down the decks every morning, broomed them before every meal, acted as mess sergeants and in general policed our life topside. Chief Engineer Burns took charge below decks. Despite the fact that we had only one liter of fresh water per person doled out in the morning by one of the German seamen, nearly everyone managed to stay clean. One missionary built a chair out of old boxes and set up a barbershop abaft the windlasses.

Our diet: "Billboard Paste" and "Glop"

Our diet was almost entirely liquid. Breakfast was "billboard paste" and occasionally oatmeal with a slice of bread and an only tea which had little tea in it and practically no sugar. Lunch was

SHORT CUT TO A MAN'S HEART

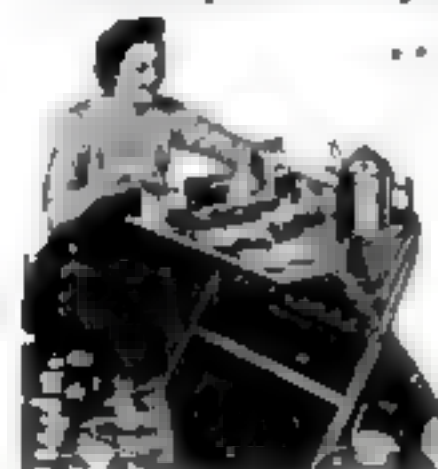
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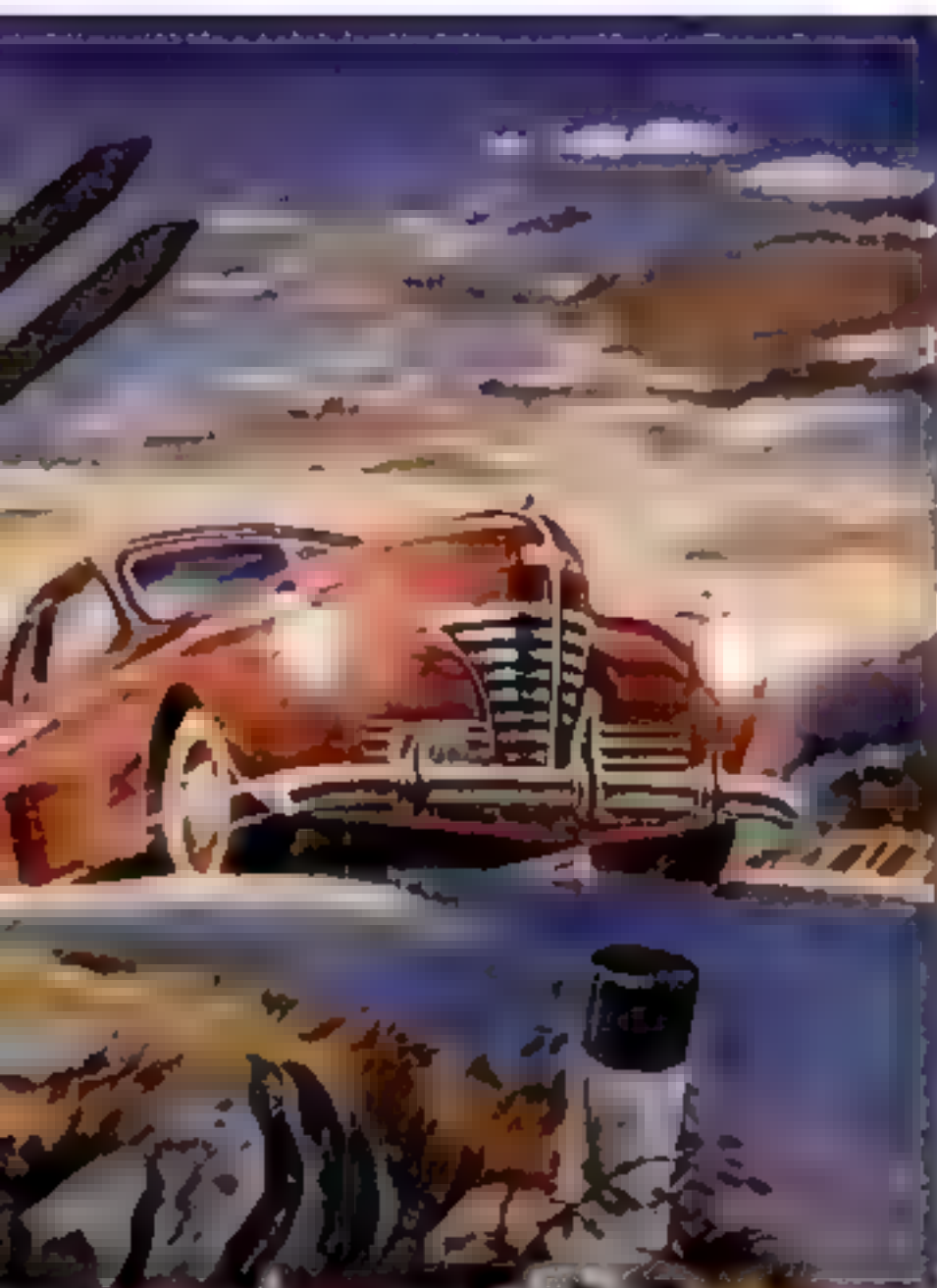
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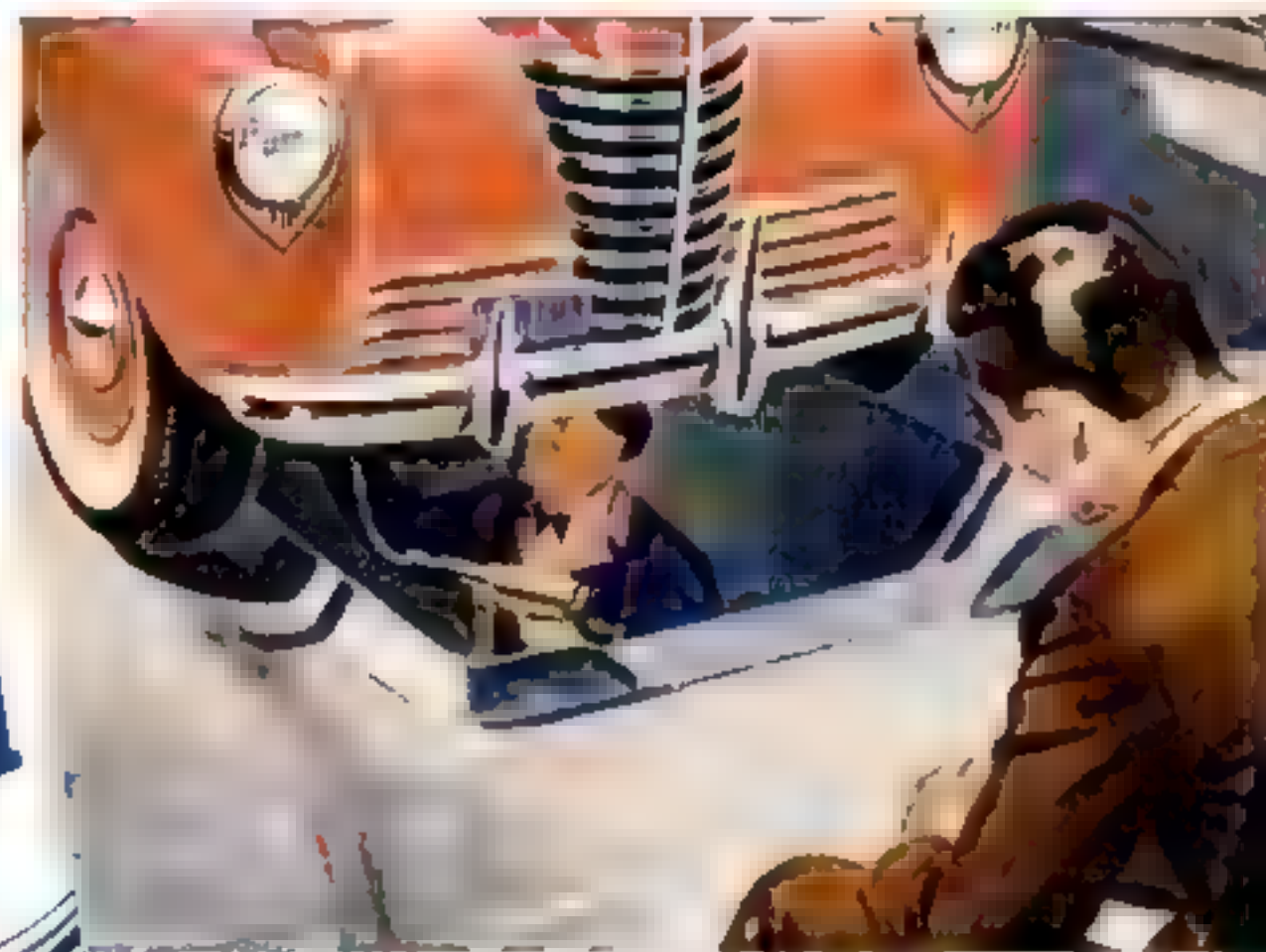


1 REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME she purred up a hill—sweet-running as a brook? Or the tragedy of the first squeak or scratch? Picnics! Adventures! Blue hills and golden sunsets! You've *lived* with that car.

2 SO OF COURSE YOU BABY IT. You care for it like "one of the family." Filling the tank is *feeding* it. You keep it healthy with good grease. You rush her down to the "doctor" at the garage if she doesn't feel well. And you know it's good insurance to dump dirty oil; get everything clean inside; and then fill the crankcase with fresh, clean Mobiloil. What a difference the *improved* Mobiloil makes! She's lively as a colt. Not a pain or an ache. It's a big satisfaction to drive a car with everything *right*—to give it a Fresh Start!

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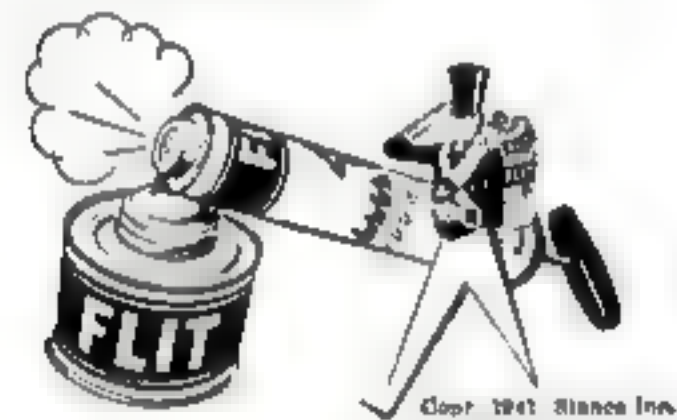
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Darling of passengers was Annette O'Neal, 26, bundled against the cold by J. Paul O'Neal, young Baptist Missionary doctor from Alabama bound for Nigeria. Dr. O'Neal left wife and baby to go back and administer first aid to badly wounded on *Zamzam*.

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

what Scherman derisively christened "glop"—macaroni or rice or bean soup with a few fragments of meat, two pieces of bread and more tea. Supper was soup again, plus bread and tea. The women and children fared somewhat better since they were given jam and occasionally butter.

The first two days Captain Jäger refused any mingling between the sexes, even between husbands and wives. I persuaded him, finally, to let the married men meet their wives at least once a day and to let the single men take turns visiting the unattached women during the same period. These sad meetings used to take place regularly between 10 and 12 o'clock in the morning on the promenade deck. The deck was so crowded that privacy simply didn't exist.

The beginning of the second week Captain Jäger announced that he expected to meet the raider again in a day or two and would try to get more food, especially canned milk for the children. It was the chance we were looking for. We framed an indignant protest to be delivered to the captain of the raider demanding that we either be transferred at once to a neutral ship or else be landed at the nearest neutral port. Its gist was that he had no right to put us Americans in double jeopardy by running the British blockade to Europe.

On the morning of April 26, as Captain Jäger felt his way through a rain squall, we met the *Tamesis* again. Lieutenant Mohr, brisk and smiling, came aboard in the first boat. He summoned Captain Smith and me into one of the cabins and told us that they would transfer what food they could spare and that night the *Dresden* would be sent on. I gave him a copy of the protest and asked him to let me talk to Captain Rogge. He seemed surprised but assented. I was taken to Captain Rogge's quarters on the raider. He was courteous, even friendly. A copy of the protest was on the table before him, with notes on the margin. Through Lieutenant Mohr who acted as interpreter he said: "What you ask is difficult but I shall do what I can."

Altogether I talked to him for nearly an hour. He then asked if I would mind waiting in the officers' mess while he went over my points with his officers. When he had come to a decision, I returned to his quarters and heard him make three interrelated promises. The first was that the *Dresden* would sail north that night into the trade lanes, and attempt to transfer us to a neutral ship. The second was that, failing that, she would put in close to the Brazilian shore and attempt to transfer us to a Brazilian coastal steamer. The third was that if she failed in these first two, she would then land us—the phrase was theirs—in a "truly neutral port."

The "Dresden" starts north

Back on the *Dresden* I went directly to the women's deck. While they gathered around I told them of the new promises. I did the same for the men in No. 2 hatch. I asked Lieutenant Mohr to stand beside me to substantiate my statement.

That Saturday night the *Dresden* started north and after the days of circling and drifting it was good to feel the run in the ship. All of us thought that another week or ten days at the most would see us out of German hands. I shall not attempt to give a detailed report on that incredible run up the South Atlantic, across the Equator, up through the North Atlantic, west and north of the Azores, then eastward down the 43rd parallel to Cape Finisterre, Spain. You may be sure that we took a beating. Despite the promises to improve the food, we ate little better than before. The only difference was that we occasionally had scrambled eggs and salami and ham sandwiches

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Rumor factory on *Dresden* operated on 24-hour shift. Rumors and talk were only source of hope or fear for the passengers and crew. Rumors started from the carpenter, Nazi marine guards, cooks, *Dresden* officers, Captain Jäger or just appeared out of thin air

SINKING OF "ZAMZAM" (continued)

to relieve the everlasting cycles of "billboard paste" and "glop." Inevitably we succumbed to dysentery. I doubt if more than a handful escaped and there were always ten or twelve men at a time rendered almost helpless by it. The only nostrum the ship's doctor had was animal charcoal. Within a few days he had used up his entire stock. Thereafter, when the sick came to him, he merely wrote out an order to the purser putting the man on white bread heretofore restricted to the crew and the women and children.

At full speed the *Dresden*, because of a fouled bottom, couldn't do much better than 11 or 12 knots. Through the doldrums on either side of the Equator, we sweltered. The decks baked and the men without hats and shoes really suffered. One day we noticed that the Germans were making a barricade out of bales of hemp around the bridge—a good indication that they were preparing to run the British blockade. For several days more we suppressed this dreadful suspicion but finally, from the speed the ship was making, together with the fact that she held persistently to the same north-northwesterly course, the realization was driven home that Captain Jäger was making no effort to fall in with any ship in the open trade lanes, or along the Brazilian coast.

We had our own means of knowing where we were at sea. Old Dr. Hunter of the *India Survey* was a first-rate mathematician. He made himself a right angle out of two pieces of wood cut to scale and at noon each day, behind a screen of children where the guards wouldn't be apt to notice him, he would calculate the length of the sun's shadow. Fortunately, he had a table of tangents among his books and Captain Smith had fixed in memory a pretty good idea of the declination of the sun. In this way, within a degree or two, we kept track of our latitude each day at noon. The longitude was more doubtful but one of the ambulance drivers had kept his watch at Greenwich mean time since before the sinking of the *Zamzam* and, with the ship's zone time as a check, we even had a fair idea of where we were East and West.

Real grief in hatch No. 2 begins

After the fiction of the neutral ship died a hard death, the real grief in hatch No. 2 began. Captain Jäger sensed the change in mood on the foredeck and ceased his morning inspection. For the first time some of the men started to cave in under the strain. There were a number of near-fights. But as a group the missionaries stood up with admirable fortitude and good cheer. Maintaining a vigilant watch, running without lights and without a flag, the *Dresden* pressed north. Now we suffered from the cold as before we had suffered from the heat. The decks were always wet. There wasn't enough nourishment in the food to keep us warm. A flu epidemic developed.

Of the three promises only one was still possible of fulfillment—the "a truly neutral port." At the start of the voyage Captain Jäger had promised that if he failed to pick up a neutral ship within eight days he would run under lights and fly a neutral flag. His sailmaker actually concocted a Spanish flag and one day we saw them lower a brand new Norwegian flag into the stack so that the soot would give it a weathered look. But neither was ever run up nor was the ship ever unblacked.

Captain Jäger ordered boat drills. The *Dresden* carried only four boats plus two saved from the *Zamzam*. The latter, having a combined rated capacity of 89, were expected to carry 110 women and children plus eight men. The women who, after all, could count, became alarmed about the overloading and Captain Jäger finally agreed to take some of the younger children into his own boats which were well under capacity.

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Be on the alert—look between your toes tonight. If there are tiny blisters or the skin is broken, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, a treatment exclusively for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot it contacts and helps heal the broken tissues. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment), 30c at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

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IRON GLUE

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



What we lived and prayed for was a British warship. What we feared was a British submarine. The silhouette of the *Dresden* was unmistakably German and a torpedo in No. 2 hatch could easily have brought a disaster. We finally persuaded Captain Jäger to give us rope and wood to make two ladders out of the hatch. We worked out our own abandon ship routine and after a few drills proved we could clear the hatch in about 65 seconds. We also induced him to leave the doors leading into the women's quarters unlocked at night.

On Monday, May 12, just before breakfast when I was drying off from my morning shower (boy, it was cold!), the *Dresden* swung sharply 90° East. A column of smoke grew on the northwestern horizon—the first sign of a ship we had seen since boarding the *Dresden*. The *Dresden* ran away at top speed and the smoke behind it gradually vanished astern. Confident that she had remained unseen, the *Dresden* presently resumed her northerly heading.

The following day at noon the *Dresden* really turned east and by that time we knew what was ahead of us. By our reckoning, we were 43° North and we were convinced that Captain Jäger was now headed for Cape Finisterre with the intention of making for one of the northern ports of Spain or for Occupied France. That afternoon the *Dresden* again wheeled in fright. For three hours, in fact, she turned and twisted, making two full circles besides running and zigzagging. Far away a smudge, scarcely distinguishable from a cloud, hung in the horizon—then vanished. The *Dresden* cautiously resumed its eastern course. It had scarcely steadied when again it wheeled like a frightened jack rabbit and swung north.

Our closest call with a British convoy

Later I learned that Captain Jäger had all but blundered into a British convoy, attended by at least two destroyers. He had managed to fall away before they saw him. Then, as he eased back on his course, a second group of ships "fairly burst out of the horizon." Like the *Dresden*, they were motorships which gave off little telltale smoke. They came in so fast that he could actually make out the topmasts and he chose the only ruse open to him. He swung around and showed a course toward England. The other ships, if they saw us, made no recognition signal and, in a few minutes, again fell below the horizon.

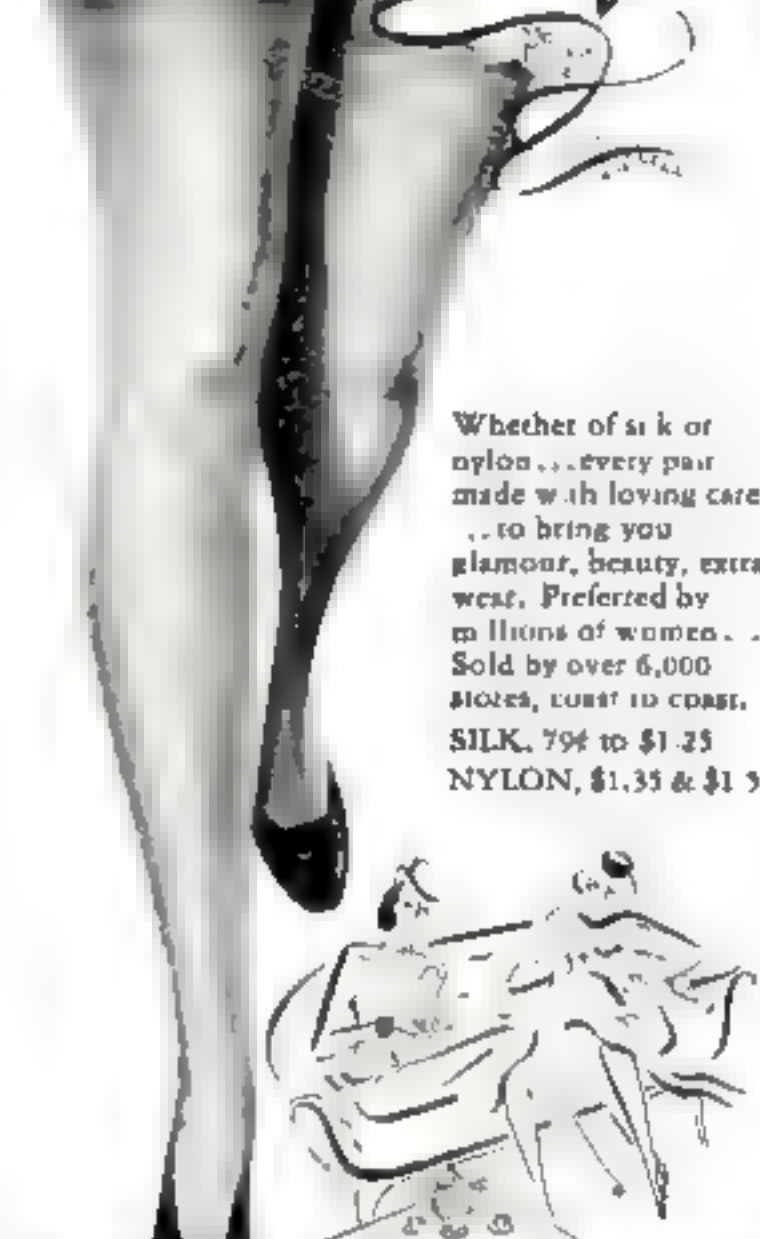
It was the *Dresden's* only close call. On May 19, shortly after sundown, we saw the flashing lights of Finisterre. All that night and the next day we ran through the territorial waters of Spain following every bight, rounding every headland. On the 20th the night watch clumped down the steps into hatch No. 2 and shouted: "We have an escort—evidently three destroyers." Dawn found us in the harbor behind the breakwater of St.-Jean-de-Luz. The *Dresden* had run 4,860 miles, Captain Jäger told me proudly: but with that triumph the last of the three promises—the promise to land us "in a truly neutral port"—had died. We were in Occupied France, facing an uncertain future still in German hands. The only satisfaction the day brought was to have the ship run aground and watch three highly embarrassed Nazi mine layers make a mess of trying to get it off.

That afternoon each of us in his way learned his fate. The British and all the other nationals, women and children as well, and the crew would be taken to Bordeaux for internment. I was summoned to the officers' mess where Captain Jäger sat at a table flanked by naval and army officers and what I took to be a Gestapo agent from Berlin. The Americans, I was informed, would be put ashore and taken to Biarritz where they would be held until arrangements were made for their release through Spain and Portugal—whence Scherman and I last week reached New York by Clipper.

In St.-Jean-de-Luz harbor *Dresden* was run aground by German Navy, infuriating Merchant Captain Jäger and delighting *Zanzan*-ers who stood by rail, watched futile efforts of mine layers to pull her off. Cans in foreground held washing water, a liter per man.



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ANIMALS



GREER GARSON HAS HER PAIR OF BIG FRENCH POODLES CLIPPED INTO WEIRD DESIGNS



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Glamor for poodles is applied with perfume sprayer by Greer Garson to Gogo and Clicquot at a Beverly Hills veterinary's office.

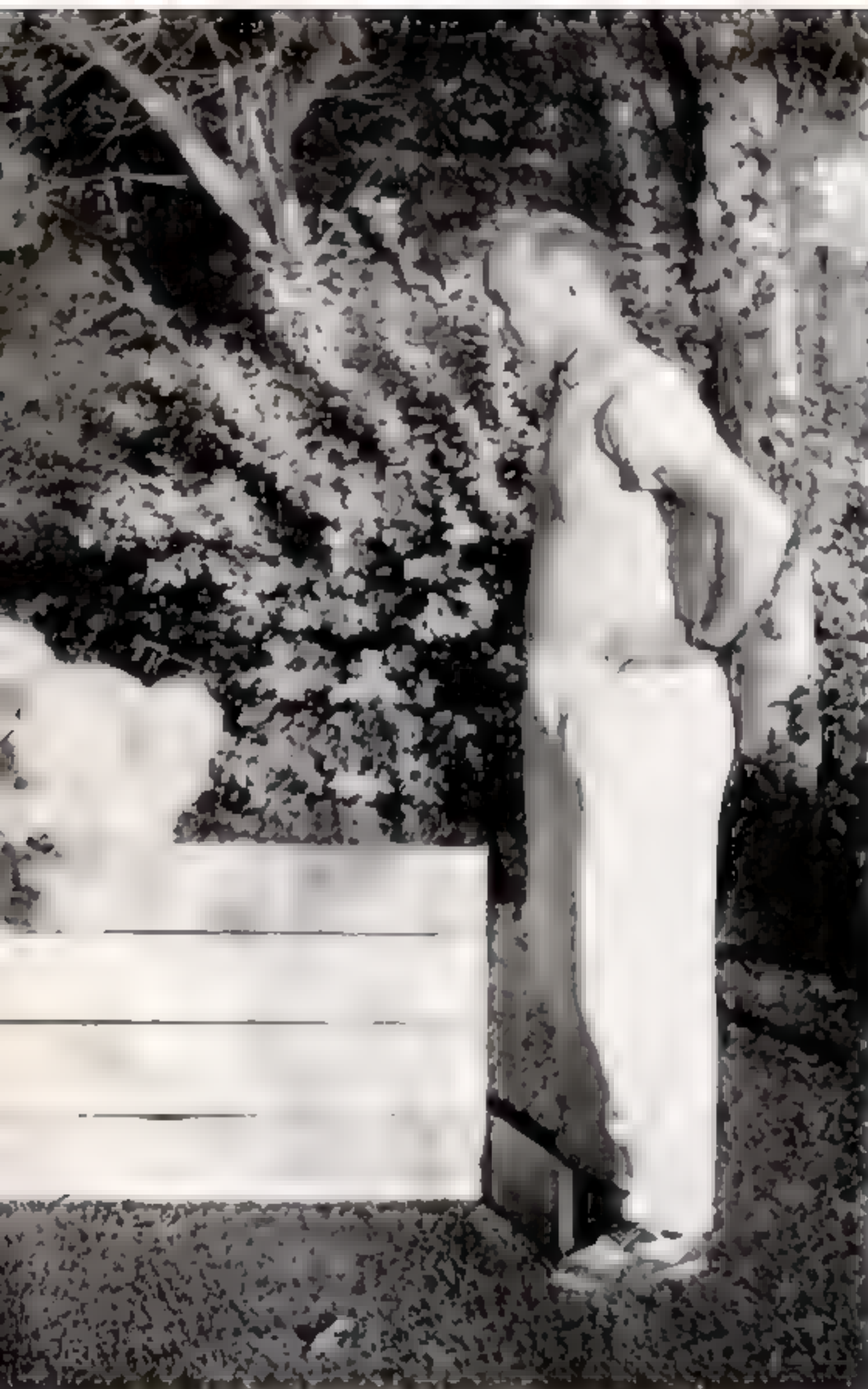
After, after they have been bathed, brushed and dusted with talcum. Having been schooled in manners, they submit patiently.

GREER GARSON'S POODLES ARE SENT TO SCHOOL FOR MANNERS

The rag-baggy French poodle—which isn't French at all—has in the last five years become so popular among U. S. dog lovers that it now ranks 23rd among the American Kennel Club's 108 pedigreed breeds. In the 1890's it was at its peak. During the last World War it practically disappeared. But now it is back again, as waggishly ridiculous as ever, as grotesquely ornamental, though its original German *pudel* ancestors were once famous duck-retrieving dogs.

The two fine specimens on these pages are Hollywood poodles. They belong to redheaded, green-eyed Greer Garson, who, as the short-lived Mrs. Chips in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, revealed herself as one of the cinema's subtler actresses. Like most English women of the stage, Miss Garson likes to live quietly at home, read books, putter in her garden and care for her dogs. But, during the strenuous filming of M-G-M's forthcoming *Blossoms In The Dust*, she found the undisciplined conduct of 11-month-old Gogo and Clicquot such a burden, that she took them to the Hollywood Dog Training School to have their manners improved.

Two weeks later she returned to find them paragons of canine deportment. At the command of Carl Spitz, noted Hollywood dog trainer, they leaped gracefully over hurdles, retrieved sticks, bounded through hoops, sat up on their hind legs, followed at heel. When Greer Garson took the leash, they performed just as commendably for her. Delighted, she gave them a big hug, took them to her Beverly Hills home, a pair of gentler and sedater dogs.



TO OBEY COMMANDS AND DO SUCH DOGGY TRICKS AS JUMPING OVER WOODEN HURDLES



TO GREER GARSON'S AMAZEMENT, WILD GOGO AND CLICQUOT ARE NOW WELL-BEHAVED



Now ready for home, Gogo and Clicquot show their affection for their mistress by nuzzling her cheek. Their new gentleness was

acquired in a concentrated course in dog etiquette at the kennels of Carl Spitz, who has charge of the training of most of

the dogs that act in the movies. The course includes responding to call, retrieving, walking on a leash, obeying all commands.



NIGHT-FIGHTER PILOTS WEAR DARK GOGGLES ON THE GROUND TO GET USED TO SEEING IN DARK



A PILOT AND HIS GUNNER WALK TOWARD THEIR BEAUFIGHTER TO TAKE OFF.

NIGHT-FIGHTER STATION

ARMED WITH ITS SECRET NEW DETECTOR BEAM, R.A.F. TAKES HEAVY TOLL OF GERMAN BOMBERS

by WALTER GRAEBNER

All last winter Britain was practically helpless against the night raids which pounded city after city. Anti-aircraft fire was ineffective and fighter planes could not find the enemy in the dark. Now at last the R.A.F. has found a device which may be the answer to night bombers. It is one of the war's most closely guarded secrets, a beam detector which, mounted on a fighter plane, leads the pilot almost to within range of the enemy plane.

Armed with this beam, the R.A.F. now main-

tains squadrons of special night fighters. Their first test came on May 10 when the Luftwaffe launched a heavy raid. By rare luck LIFE's London Correspondent Walter Graebner and Photographer William Vandivert happened to have chosen that night to visit a night-fighter station. Graebner's story, held up for several weeks by the Air Ministry, has just been released. Since May 10 the Germans have made no more heavy raids, but the night fighters are ready.



SIXTH SWASTIKA IS STENCILED ON WING COMMANDER'S PLANE AFTER HE SHOT DOWN HEINKEL

Saturday, May 10, may well go down in history as the turning point in the night battle over Britain. For on that night, while London bled and burned under one of the heaviest and cruelest poundings the Luftwaffe has yet delivered, the brave young men of the R.A.F. shot 33 German bombers out of the sky and damaged another ten or 15 so severely that it is doubtful whether they reached their bases. This loss—estimated in London as roughly 10% of the attacking force—is more than even the vaunted Luftwaffe can stand over an extended period in morale, men and machines. I spent that night at a famous British night-fighter station.

Around 10:30, when we finished dinner of soup, sausages, mashed potatoes, rhubarb pie and coffee, the wing commander suggested that we drive out to the dispersal hut. It was a crisp, clear evening with only a soft breeze, perfumed by fruit blossoms, blowing leisurely from the east. As dusk settled onto the aerodrome the moon, one night short of full, changed from brilliant orange to golden yellow. It was like a great beacon fixed in the direction of London.

We had just stepped out of our car when the sirens in a nearby village wailed. At any moment I expected to see the silhouette of pilots and air gunners "scrambling" out of the dispersal hut and bolting for their planes. But nothing happened. At a bench a member of the ground crew continued repairing a padlock while near the door of the hut a group of pilots were humming the melody of the currently favorite dance tune, *Johnny Peddler*. Inside the hut I learned the reason for the airmen's unconcern over the presence of German planes. Long before we had arrived, the first group of night fighters from our station had taken off and were cruising around the "waiting room," thousands of feet overhead. They were all set for Jerry.

At 11:30, the telephone rang. "It's for you, Wing Commander," came a young voice from the corner booth. A moment later the wing commander told us quietly: "One of our boys coming in. His crate is shot up a little but he thinks he got a Hun." Someone said: "Shall I send for the ambulance?" The wing commander replied, "No. I don't think it's necessary. He'll be able to land all right if the flare path is lighted."

We all jumped up and made for the door. Outside we could hear the drone



THE PLANE, PAINTED AN INKY BLACK, IS EQUIPPED WITH NEW DETECTOR BEAM

of a plane circling round the field several thousand feet up, waiting for the signal to land. Once the plane broke our vision of the moon, causing a momentary eclipse. A few seconds later the runway was flooded in a great white light and the terrific roar of motors quaked across the field. The plane made a perfect landing.

It was something of an anti-climax when the pilot and his air gunner, looking cool as cucumbers, climbed out, shook themselves a little, had a few words with the wing commander and then walked toward the dispersal hut. A torch which one of the ground crew turned on the plane revealed a line of machine-gun bullet holes running halfway up the fuselage. Moving nearer the machine, I suddenly caught a whiff of something that smelled like the beavers I used to see back in Wisconsin. When I asked a flight sergeant about it, he said, "Oh, yes. All the Huns have that smell. It's from the petrol that splashed on the plane during the fight, I think. Hun tanks and tin hats smell the same way."

The planes flown by the squadron are Bristol Beaufighters—one of Britain's newest and deadliest fighter aircraft. Twin-motored, with plenty of room inside, they are built like bombers but have the speed of fighters. Painted inky black (instead of the usual daytime camouflage of brown and green), they look like giant wide-winged hawks. The wing commander spoke of the sensitive new equipment which guides the night hunters to their quarry. This machinery, however, is so secret that nothing may be said about it. As a result of further experiments and information supplied by fighters returning from combat, improvements are continually being made. One officer told me that within the last few months the efficiency has increased from 10% to more than 50%, and that when it reached 70% the German night menace would be practically at an end.

Inside the dispersal hut a group was sitting around the stove. Every now and then someone walked over to the thermos jug to pour himself a cup of hot chocolate, the strongest drink any of the boys ever take while on duty. Some of the gunners and pilots who weren't due to go up for several hours snatched cat naps on the cots which lined both walls. After the pilot whom we saw land had been back for about half an hour, one of the boys half rose from his bed and mumbled, "I just figured out why you got that Hun. You were third off tonight." Night-fighter boys at this station are superstitious. They consider three and four their lucky numbers, so the third and fourth pilots to take off of an evening are judged to stand the best chance of bringing down some Huns. Up to May 10, the squadron had been officially credited with 25 certain kills and half again as many probables.

While the Beaufighter is the principal machine specially designed for night fighting, the R.A.F. is also scoring notable successes at night with standard daylight models like the Hurricane, Spitfire and Defiant. On clear

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Said the overalls to the tablecloth—
"We're social equals since they bought
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"Listen, Bud, see that Grey-Rock sign over there? Well, limp over and get your brakes fixed before I fix you." . . . That's a good steer. The new servicing schedule of National



*The hub of the safety movement in America, which has reduced the number and severity of accidents for millions of people.

Safety Council* is displayed by every Grey-Rock station. Grey-Rock mechanics are pledged to fix your brakes to standards of the nation's biggest safety organization. They follow the Servicing Methods of Grey-Rock engineers. They reline only with Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings, safest stoppers on wheels. A certificate goes with every job. Demand Grey-Rock brake service.

USE THE LININGS TRUCKS AND BUSES USE

Grey-Rock

BALANCED BRAKE LININGS



THE SIGN OF GOOD BRAKE SERVICE TO N.S.C. STANDARDS

United States Asbestos Division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., Mahan, Pa.



"Tell her to hold her High C until I finish enjoying my Mennen BRUSHLESS SHAVE!"



Men are singing the praises of Mennen Brushless. And no wonder. For this brushless is a cream, not a grease. No mess, no razor-clog, no hard water problem. And what a whisker wiler! No yank, no pull. Join the happy chorus, Mister. See your druggist and sing "MENNEN BRUSHLESS for mine."

Mennen makes a swell Lather Shave, too.

THE 3-STEP SHAVE OF GENTLE-MEN:—① SHAVE CREAM, ② SKIN BRACER, ③ TALCUM FOR MEN

BETTER
-BECAUSE
THEY'RE PROFESSIONALLY MADE!

YOU CAN REALLY ENJOY your own parties when The Club Bar-Man makes your cocktails for you! Just fill your shaker from a bottle of HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS—add ice and serve—and your guests will compliment you on your skill. CLUB COCKTAILS inter-mellow in the bottle and keep perfectly—like any other liquor.

IMPORTANT! The Club Bar-Man uses only the very best of ingredients—world-famous imported Vermouths, and Cognacs; HEUBLEIN Whiskeys and Milshire Gins.

These cocktails have what it takes!

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

Copyright 1941, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.



Night-Fighter Station (continued)

moonlight nights a well-trained pilot in one of these machines is able to track down the enemy almost as easily as he nips off a bomber at dusk or dawn. Pilots who fly at night in planes designed for day operations are known as "cats'-eyes."

Good eyesight is an all-important factor in night fighting. For no matter how much help he gets from the ground or from his special equipment, the pilot is sometimes obliged to approach within 100 yd. before he is able to see and identify his victim and cut loose with machine guns and cannon. Since it takes about 45 minutes for the human eye to adjust itself to darkness, night-fighter pilots sit in dimly lighted huts or wear dark goggles while they await their turns to take off. Much publicity has been given to the good effects of carrots on night vision and some newspapers have even begun to use the vegetable as a nickname for certain ace pilots. Actually night-fighter pilots don't eat any more carrots than day fighters do, although considerable care is taken with their general diet. They are urged to eat large amounts of whole-wheat bread and fresh vegetables, and jars of vitamin tablets are standard mess-table accouterments along with the sugar bowls and salt and pepper shakers.

Night fighters have special privileges

Since night fighters in a sense are specialists they are allowed a number of special privileges. For instance they may sleep as long as they wish during the day; meals are ready for them at all hours; they are urged to take frequent leave; they are not given long interrogations at the end of their flights, and they are encouraged to suggest improvements to their commanding officers.

The nerve center of the night-fighter station is the control tower which functions much like the control tower at a commercial airport. It directs all the aerodrome traffic, signals planes when to land, when to cruise around until Jerry has passed over and when to use another aerodrome in case the weather has closed in. Throughout each patrol, the length of which is very variable depending on weather, combats, types of machine in use, etc., the pilots are in constant touch with the station. They send almost second-by-second reports of their movements to the control tower and receive even more frequent information as to the whereabouts of the raiders. The fact that the system somewhat resembles that in use on airlines may explain why many commercial pilots have become crack R. A. F. night fighters.

At 1:30 we heard the unmistakable double-pitched drone of a German bomber flying directly overhead. Again we rushed outdoors, this time in hopes of seeing a Hun come crashing down in flames. After a while a gunner said, "Which of our boys are up there?" A cockney member of the ground crew piped, "Sir, I think the wunko (wing commander) is after the Hun. I'm sure he'll bring him down." Suddenly we could clearly hear the roar of the Beaufighter battling off to the north in the same direction as the Hun. All of us strained ears and eyes for cannon fire and flame but nothing happened. All we saw was a skyful of tracer bullets, which looked like sky-rockets at a fireworks' display, shot up by batteries of anti-aircraft guns to the northeast.

Twenty minutes later the wing commander was back. He strolled into the hut as nonchalantly as if he had just returned from a ride in a motor-car. "Did you get one?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, whereupon I asked him what it was like. "It was too easy," he said, "I simply looked around for a few seconds, spotted him and let him have it. When I pressed the button I could see chunks of metal rip off. It was a Heinkel. And then he started falling. A few seconds later I saw him crash in flames in a field a couple of miles below."

The next morning the wing commander watched the ground crew stencil the sixth Swastika in gray on the fuselage of his Beaufighter.



At Dawn a black-painted Beaufighter comes down to its base. This plane is really a medium bomber type with the beam-detector apparatus mounted in its cut-back nose.

Night fighter (continued)



In the light of the moon, pilots and ground crew listen anxiously for sound of Wing Commander's plane, watch hopefully for flaming crash of Heinkel 111 he is stalking.



Waiting for his call, a night-fighter pilot shuts his eyes, plots out combat situations and tactics. Pilots feel that this kind of "mental combat" sharpens night vision.



Flare path is lighted to guide fighter, circling in darkness above, to field. Carefully shaded light, projected along ground, is switched on only for moment of landing.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



WORLD'S SERIES PENNANT. Since the National League's Pittsburgh Pirates played the American League's Boston Red Sox in 1903, the winner of the World's Series has been recognized as "tops" in baseball. You can be sure that the 1941 team that will win the right to fly the pennant will have to have "plenty on the ball"; it must be better than good!

WORLD CHAMPIONS
1941



ETHYL EMBLEM. There is a "pennant" for excellence in gasoline too. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl emblem has to be better than good! It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane) rating and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and smoothness all year. When you stop for gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.



THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Life Goes Fishing

In flat-bottomed boats, a three-day float trip down Ozark streams provides the laziest kind of sport

Month ago, in long narrow flat-bottomed boats, seven people drifted 50 miles down winding streams in three days in the Missouri Ozarks. They were float-fishing, an established method of Ozark fishing which requires nothing of the fisherman but complete relaxation and a fishing license.

Arranged by Jim Owen who has made Branson, Mo. into the float-fishing capital of the Ozarks, the party was driven by truck to Bear Den on the James River below Galena. There veteran guides unloaded all the equipment (*see above, opposite page*) and carefully stowed it into the boats. Then the guests were comfortably seated, two to a boat, and the trip started. From the time they left



The guides paddle the heavily laden boats as the float trip starts. A trip for seven people costs approximately \$25 a day and a Missouri fishing license costs as low as \$1.

Supper table is laden with everything from fried fish to chocolate cake. In left foreground is Jim Owen of Branson who runs the trips and furnishes everything needed.



Mary relaxes in the sun and languidly trails her hand in the cool water as Guide Charlie Barnes paddles her slowly along. Charlie, 72, originated the float-fishing trips in this region 37 years ago.

Patty and Mary eat fish in their hands, which has been rolled in flour and fried in deep fat. Patty's father is a bank president and runs a department store. Mary's father is postmaster of Branson.



Branson until they returned several days later there was absolutely nothing for the guests to do but drop their lines over the side and hope to get a bite as they floated lazily down the shallow, shaded streams through the rolling hills. The guides did everything: steered the boats, baited hooks, made and broke camp, played cards with the guests, cooked, told stories and washed dishes. Most energetic task the guests had was eating.

Most fun was had by two pretty Branson girls, Patty Parnell, 19, and Mary Lenna Alexander, 16, who, although they had both fished before, had never been on a float trip. Best of all they liked to sit forward in the boat perched on comfortable canvas chairs and read books and knit as the guides effortlessly steered them to the best fishing holes.



Mary cools her feet and Patty knits while Derrell MacDowell, Branson merchant, and Mrs. Owen pay close attention to their fishing. Float trips are run along seven streams in the Missouri Ozarks.

Dishes cleared away, stud poker is played on the table. Tom Yocum, guide, bets two matches on his hand while "Little Horse" Jennings, another guide, kibitzes. Mrs. Owen won most matches.



Equipment for three-day trip for seven people includes everything from poles to vinegar. Guides take parties down river slowly so as not to miss prime fishing holes.



MacDowell fishes as the two girls watch. The principal fish caught in these streams is the small mouth black bass, which is highly prized by sportsmen as a game fish.



A hooked bass fights gamely as Mrs. Owen tries to land it with a fish net. Below the guides have set up three tents along the level pebbly beach for the night's camping.



enjoy the luxury of

Ancient Age



the whiskey of the
"FLAVOR-YEARS"



Time teaches whiskey with a mellowing hand. That's why Ancient Age whiskies are aged-in-the-wood for a full 8 years. Mellowed and matured by these "Flavor Years" until they have had time to grow thoroughly ripe and rich... the super straight whiskies in Ancient Age are eight **YEARS OLD***

Also available at 5 years old.

*ANCIENT AGE IS A DE LUXE BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF. © 1941, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.



After supper, the weary fishermen lounge around in front of the tents. When their camp work is done, the guides sometimes tell the guests tall tales of the Ozarks.



In the woman's tent, after campfire, the girls are ready to go to sleep. They sleep on comfortable air-filled mattresses, even have a carpet made of canvas on the ground.



An early morning dip starts the day for the girls. Here, after splashing in the cold, clear water, Mary and Patty gingerly pick their way ashore over the sharp rocks.



Mary brushes her teeth from side of anchored boat. She is an experienced camper and has capped tube of toothpaste before brushing so as not to lose it in the water.



Flapjacks for breakfast are a specialty of old Tom Yocum who has been guiding parties on the river for 33 years. Note also the pan of crisp bacon in the foreground.

Multiply this picture

a million times..



to realize what Greyhound travel means to National Defense

Thousands of heart-warming dramas unfold at Greyhound stations throughout America, as the big Super-Coaches roll in, and men in blue or khaki uniforms swarm out eagerly. Easy, frequent and low-cost visits between men in the Service and their friends and relatives at home are a tremendous boon to National morale—and that's the first bulwark of defense!

Greyhound is proud to make such trips "easy to take"—by serving more military camps and bases than any other transportation system—by offering more frequent schedules, and uniformly low rates—by picking up or discharging passengers right at camp gates, in hundreds of cases. National defense has been *decentralized*—spread out over all America—and that's where Greyhound comes into the picture, with its nationwide service and frequent schedules.

We suggest: If you are visiting your boy at camp, go Greyhound for comfort, economy, sightseeing. If it's more convenient for him to come home, send him a Greyhound round-trip ticket. It's truly "service made to measure for men in the Service!"

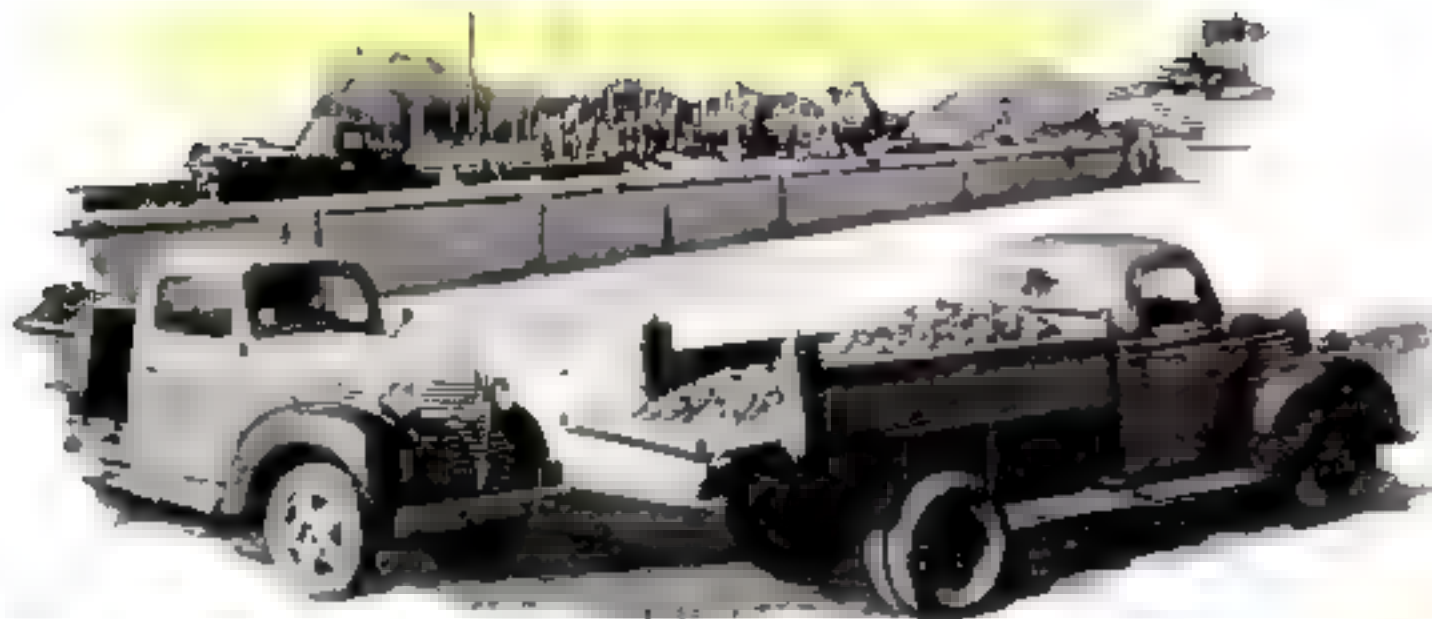
You can aid National Defense this way:

If convenient, plan to do your summer vacation and pleasure traveling on *week-days*. This will leave extra seat-space for soldiers, sailors and marines on furlough, and for national defense workers who can travel best on week-ends. It's better for you, too, because it is easier to get accommodations at hotels and resorts during the mid-week period.



If you want rates and information on any special trip, see your Greyhound agent, or write to Greyhound Information Office at nearest of these cities: NEW YORK CITY • CLEVELAND, O. • PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. • FT. WORTH, TEX. • MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. • BOSTON, MASS. • WASHINGTON, D. C. • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • ST. LOUIS, MO. • LEXINGTON, KY • CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA • CINCINNATI, O. • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE • NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA • WINDSOR, ONTARIO, [44 LONDON STREET, E.] • MONTREAL, QUEBEC, [188 DORCHESTER STREET, W.]





TAKE A TIP FROM TYLER, TEXAS

...and you, too, will save with

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

THE RIGHT TRUCK FOR EVERY JOB!

• Good trucks . . . good management . . . good results!

For Tyler, Texas, Dodge Job-Rated trucks have produced money-saving results . . . results for taxpayers!

Cost records, carefully compiled under the supervision of City Manager G. D. Fairtrace, cover over a half-million miles of Dodge truck operation in this progressive American city. Look at these per-mile operating facts . . . a 3-year record:

	Operating Costs Per Mile*	Depreciation Per Mile	Total Cost Per Mile
8— $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton trucks	.0167	.0115	.0282
19—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton and 2-ton trucks	.0224	.0189	.0413

*Includes gas, oil, grease, antifreeze, tires, repairs and supplies.

That's economy worth looking at on any hauling job. And you, too, can have such economy with a truck that fits your job . . . a Dodge Job-Rated truck.

See your Dodge dealer for a better truck and a better "deal" . . . with easy budget terms and liberal trade allowance.

DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Better
BECAUSE OF
CHRYSLER
ENGINEERING



DEPEND ON DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

Job-Rated MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BALANCING ACT: I

Sirs:

Casting about for something—anything—to do rather than study for final exams, the men of Dartmouth have been

building towers of Coca-Cola bottles. The record stands at nine. What can America produce to match it?

EDWARD M. CRANE

Hanover, N. H.



BALANCING ACT: II

Sirs

A few weeks ago an ad appeared in LIFE showing a glass of water balanced on a coin. Francis ("Shorty") Hamman, a waiter at the Town House Sandwich Shop here, says this is old stuff, proves it by balancing two glasses of water on a nickel (see picture). When two glasses of

water are perfectly balanced on a solid level surface by Shorty, they will stay that way indefinitely if they are not jarred or otherwise disturbed. Shorty claims he has been able to balance the glasses this way but that they don't stay up very long.

HOWARD HOADLEY

Findlay, Ohio



Smoke DOES Smudge YOUR TEETH



BRYTEN UP

It's ugly, that yellowish smoke-smudge—or any smudge—on your teeth. Too often unsuspected—but it's there. Look in your mirror. Then do something now. Do this. Get IODENT No. 2, tooth paste or powder, made by a dentist especially for hard-to-bryten teeth. Guaranteed safe. You'll like refreshing IODENT as you use it twice a day. Result—your smile will sparkle up.



CRUISE WITH US ON THE GLORIOUS GREAT LAKES THIS SUMMER

Enjoy the friendly waters of America's beautiful Inland Seas!

Discover a new world of clear skies, blue water, and air with a keen, northern tang. Sail away in comfort to new horizons, new experiences, new adventures on a great D&C steamer. Explore Georgian Bay and the green isle of Mackinac. Weekend and midweek cruises cost so little the D&C way! Low prices include all expenses from Detroit, Buffalo or Cleveland.

Going east or west, ride and rest on the overnight boat between Detroit and Cleveland or Detroit and Buffalo. Take your car; save a day's driving!



Ask your Travel Agent or send coupon for free literature

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN DEPT. LG-23

Send free literature on Great Lakes Cruises.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

HALF-TRUTH

Sirs:

When Edwin Stout, foreign correspondent for the Associated Press, visited here recently, a photographer for the Rock Island *Argus* got him out of bed to take his picture. The lower picture (below) is the one we published along with a feature story on Stout's experiences in London. Top picture shows how he was really dressed.

DON N. WRIGHT

Rock Island, Ill.



MODESTY

Sirs:

Here is a picture snapped during the recent heat wave on a dead-end street along the East River. This modest young lad blindfolded his obliging little sister, gave her his clothes to hold, then plunged into the river sans bathing suit.

I. N. PALMER

New York, N. Y.



YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE PICTURES MY DAD GETS ...HE'S GOT A NEW G-E EXPOSURE METER

GET PERFECT PICTURES—STILLS, COLOR, MOVIES

Don't take your pictures the hard way by guessing at exposure. Make sure you're right. Use the new G-E exposure meter to set your camera. You'll save on film and get gorgeous color—thrilling snapshots and movies, because the sensitive G-E exposure meter guides you to accurate exposure every time.



FOR BETTER VACATION PICTURES

Make your vacation free from exposure problems, too, with the new G-E. This 3-in-1 meter also helps to measure the delicate light balance so necessary for color and is invaluable to the camera fan who prints and enlarges his own pictures. In addition, it is specially designed to help you get better pictures in dim light using the incident-light method.

For better baby pictures, we invite you to read, "Tips on Better Child Pictures," by Ruth Alexander Nichols, noted child photographer. Get this booklet free at your photo dealer's when you ask to see the new G-E meter.



\$21

GET THE NEW G-E AND GET MORE FOR YOUR MONEY







At good photo dealers everywhere

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUNE



Why highballs need a special Club Soda AFTER JUNE 1ST

When the  sun shines bright  ice melts faster. This extra water drowns the sparkle in your  drink. Remedy: use Sparkling Canada Dry Water. It's  supercharged with millions of tinier bubbles. Keeps  long drinks lively to the bottom  bubble.

P.S. "Drink a glassful anytime
...it's good for you."

GIVE YOUR SUMMER
HIGHBALLS THIS
LIFE  PRESERVER

Convenient sizes
Convenient prices



Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
The Club Soda with PIN-POINT Carbonation

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

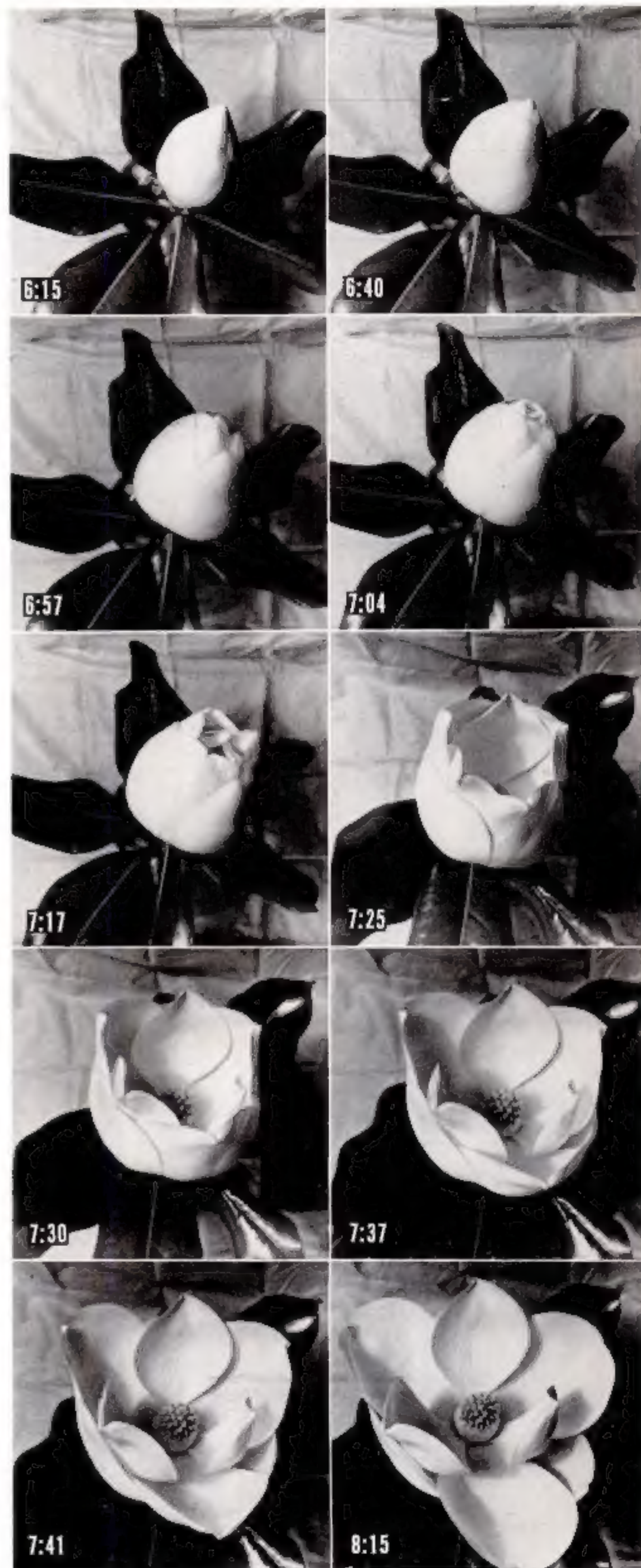
MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM

Sirs:

Here is a camera record of two important hours in the life of a magnolia blossom, taken at short intervals from 6:15 to

8:15 one morning. I took these pictures with a National Graflex on Agfa Superpan Supreme, exposures one second at f-22 with Graflex 12-in. copying lens.

EDWARD PROBERT
Tulsa, Okla.



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Starring in the
Hal Roach Production
"TOPPER RETURNS"



*A big bouquet to Royal
for this gay and
summery dessert*

Billie Burke
M-G-M PLAYER



AND — SMALL WONDER!

Actually *countless* husbands, sons, daughters, and even in-law mothers have been exalted to the cheering point by just one glimpse of this cool Royal Gelatin creation shivering lusciously in the candlelight!

And it really *tastes* as good as it promises to—for every Royal Gelatin flavor is "sealed in." Its deliciousness simply doesn't fade before it reaches you—you'll find Royal's fresh, full-strength flavor in every shimmering spoonful!

We hasten to add—for those who are slim, trim, and determined to *keep* that way—a serving of Royal Gelatin is no more figure-

wrecking than a glass of plain orange juice! So—don't count yourself out when counting noses, even if you are counting calories! Or counting pennies—for Royal Quick Setting Gelatin is one of the least expensive desserts you could possibly pick.



RECIPE ROYAL SUMMER SUNSET

(Easy as rollin' off a log!)

- 1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (orange flavor)
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup sliced strawberries
- Orange slices
- Whole strawberries

Dissolve Royal Quick Setting Gelatin in boiling water; add sugar and cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add sliced strawberries. Pour into mould and chill until firm. Unmould and garnish with slices of orange and whole strawberries, if desired.

ROYAL GELATINS If you like CHERRY, LEMON, ORANGE, STRAWBERRY, LIME, RASPBERRY or PINEAPPLE, you'll find your favorite Royal flavor at your grocer's.

ROYAL PUDDINGS Try Royal CHOCOLATE, VANILLA, or BUTTERSCOTCH. Or the new Royal VANILLA TAPIOCA! Women buy more Royal puddings than any other kind!

They're **ROYAL**
Desserts


When you want chocolate pudding, what does your mother do?

She always asks for Royal; it's so delicious, Sue.

And Royal's so quick and easy, why cooking it is fun!

Add milk and stir it slowly; when it boils it's done.





● Actual color photograph—Reuben Smothers shows a visitor a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.

*"This lighter leaf
costs a pretty penny!"*

**"Luckies pay higher prices to get lighter,
milder leaf like this!" says Reuben Smothers,
tobacco auctioneer of Reidsville, N. C.**

AS a tobacco auctioneer, I see who buys what tobacco and how much they pay . . . so when I tell you Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter, milder leaf—I know what I'm talking about. And say, I've smoked Luckies myself for 7 years!"

Yes, most independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Luckies. These men know that in buying tobacco, you get what you pay for . . . and they see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. Why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike!

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1